The Sketch

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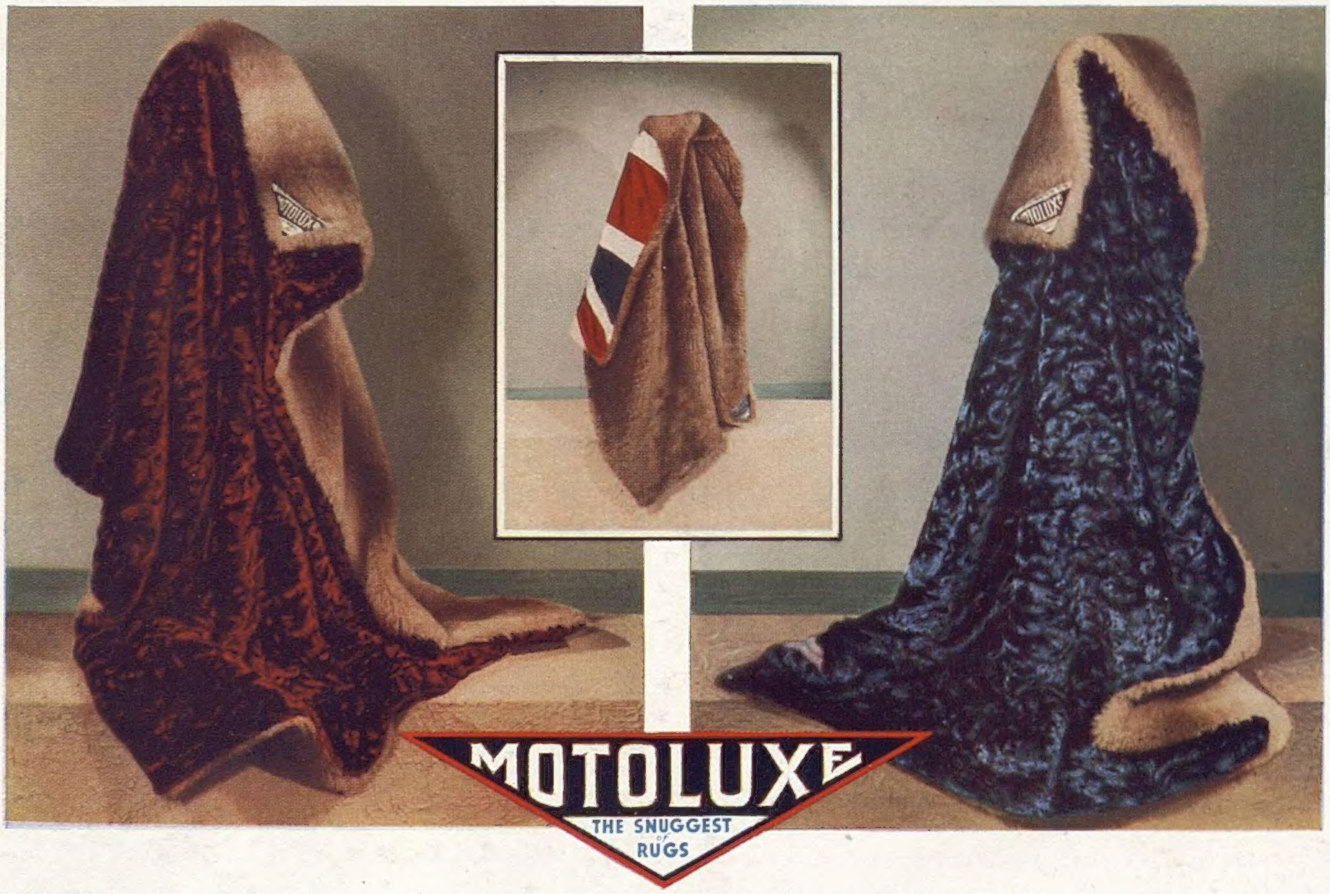

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The Sketch

Their Majesties King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth.

From a Finlay Colour Photograph by Peter North.

A COPY OF THIS PICTURE CAN BE OBTAINED (POST FREE) ON APPLICATION TO DEPT. S. THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LTD., ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1. C.F.H.

THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE TO THE THRONE AND HER SISTER.

H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH, elder daughter of their Majesties the King and Queen, is the heir presumptive to the Throne. She was born on April 21, 1926. Her sister, H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE, is four years her junior.

PORTRAIT STUDY BY MARCUS ADAMS, THE CHILDREN'S STUDIO, 43, DOVER ST.

DO YOU KNOW THESE PICTURES? MILLIONS HAVE SEEN THEM.

We here reproduce a series of pictures which you and most of the other inhabitants of Great Britain are likely to have seen on one occasion or another. Can you recognise them? If you fail to do so, you will find an account of them on another page.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

AFTERGLOW.

WELL, that is that! The great day is over, but we continue for a while to live in the glow of it; and it is a very warming sensation. I hope you had a good view. I trust you did not forget your sandwiches, chocolate, soft seat, thirst-quenchers, periscope and other Coronation comforts. You may have been one of the pampered individuals who lolled about in easy chairs in your Pall Mall club, and played a few rubbers of bridge, and consumed champagne luncheons until the dramatic moment arrived. You may, for all I know, have had a seat in the Abbey, or even a place in the procession. If so, I congratulate you, but I doubt whether you really had the best of it. Those "who only stand and wait" in the gallery-queue get far more fun out of the play than the sybarites of the stalls. Never again, I well know, will music sound so fair to me as in days when I waited for weary hours outside Covent Garden and toiled up and up and up (and, as some of our statesmen would say, on and on and on) to a perch of Spartan simplicity at a dizzy altitude, to hear Melba or Tetrazzini or Caruso! Rightly are those upper regions called "the gods!"

> Sir Thomas Malory
> Always went to the gallery:
> He said, not without *nous*,
> That it was the best place in the house.

Among the decorations in London inspired by loyalty and enthusiasm were LIFE-SIZED EFFIGIES OF THEIR MAJESTIES *which were the central point of the elaborate decorations on the façade of the London Pavilion.*

Well, on the historic day of Wednesday, May 12, 1937, "the gods" were, for once, on the ground floor. If you were among them, I hope you enjoyed all the privileges which rightfully belong to deities. I trust that you saw what you went out for to see, and that no unduly broad back or towering stature stood between you and regal pomp. There were sometimes obstacles to be overcome, ingenuity to be employed, patience to be exercised. I heard of one spectator who, having come all the way from the Outposts of Empire, to pay his homage, found that all that he could see of the Coronation was the hindquarters of a police horse. If you have ever been in that painful situation, you may have noticed that the hindquarters of a horse are not only a remarkably opaque object, but are not, like mountains, to be moved by faith or by anything else, short of gelignite. With the resource characteristic of our far-flung Dominions, this spectator did not attempt to move the immovable or to argue the unarguable; he simply fell down in a dead faint. They carried him tenderly to an Aid Station, where he managed to murmur "Brandy! brandy!" He got it, and it had a remarkably restorative effect; for he rose from his bed of pain, walked quietly away, and, choosing his spot carefully, took up his position in the front rank of the crowd, and had a fine view of the pageant. This is the true spirit of the strategy that wins; and there was much of it on Coronation Day. Two young friends of mine, otherwise virtuous and nicely-brought-up youths, displayed a low cunning of which I should never have thought them capable. Quailing (this soft modern generation!) at the prospect of standing all night, they arose late, took a leisurely breakfast, and arrived in Hyde Park long after the crowds had become impenetrable. They had, however—I blush to state it—arrayed themselves in blue suits and nondescript peaked caps, suggestive of the L.C.C. and calculated to deceive the unsuspecting; and they carried an ingenious little telescope-ladder. In a business-like manner, they bore down upon the serried ranks with a crisp "Make way, please!" The crowd parted even as the Red Sea before the Children of Israel; and these shameless impostors made their way to a convenient tree, set their ladder against it, and climbed to a coign of vantage where they could afford to ignore the comments of their dupes. It is true that a member of the Force was waiting for them when they came to earth; but that was a small price to pay for a superb view of what they flippantly described as "the doings." And if the magistrate who dealt with them did not let them off with a caution, he is the sort of magistrate (not very common among our Stipendiaries) who has never been young.

However, the quality that distinguishes a British crowd is not this regrettable, if entertaining, unscrupulousness, but its marvellous patience and good humour. I suppose there *were* people who were feeling extremely frayed and irritable, and none too hearty on a hard-boiled egg and a banana; there were those who were making solemn vows that if they ever got a chance to put their feet on the mantelpiece, they would keep them there for the rest of their lives—I suppose these human frailties must have existed in many parts of that multitude, but it is amazing how a spirit of community and a sense of expectancy can rise superior to all bodily trials. A crowd is one of the most formidable things on earth when it is out of hand, and nothing can really control it effectively except the voluntary discipline of forbearance, common sense and good humour. Considering that there were really quite a lot of us in a comparatively small space, I think that, on the whole, we behaved like good little girls and boys, and that we ought to hand a few buttonholes not only to the matchless Bobbies and soldiery (what a day of it they had!), not only to the horses, each one of which should receive a special decoration and double oats for the rest of its life—not only to these stalwarts, nor to the greater dignitaries concerned in all the preparations, but to our humble selves. We cannot all—curiously enough—have honours and dignities and decorations, however much we deserve them; so, at this time of good will, let us distribute a few pats on the back to each other and ourselves! Fellow-citizens all, consider yourselves patted!

It is impossible, in this afterglow, not to be reminded of those unforgettable lines—the most sonorous, I think, which ever came from his pen—which Kipling wrote, at just such a moment as this, many years ago. That "Recessional" came as a Nunc Dimittis of special solemnity; and I am old enough to remember how deep it struck into the hearts of men, and how, in the midst of jubilation, it seemed to come like the laden hush of a Two Minutes, Silence. Who can forget to-day that the "ancient sacrifice" still stands—"the humble and the contrite heart"? It is a poor heart that never rejoices, and let it indeed rejoice at this time but it is the humble and the contrite heart—God grant it to us!—which will carry us on through the centuries.

PHOTOGRAPH BY YEVONDE.

LADY ELIZABETH PAGET DECORATES CHEEKY FOR CORONATION TIME.

LADY ELIZABETH PAGET, *second daughter of the Marquess of Anglesey, was one of the train-bearers to the Queen at the Coronation. In case her French bulldog, Cheeky, imagined he was out of it in Coronation week, she let him wear her pearls for this photograph! On later colour pages, we give portraits of Lady Elizabeth and the other train-bearers.*

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY DOROTHY WILDING.

A TRAIN-BEARER: LADY MARGARET ("PEGGY") CAVENDISH-BENTINCK.

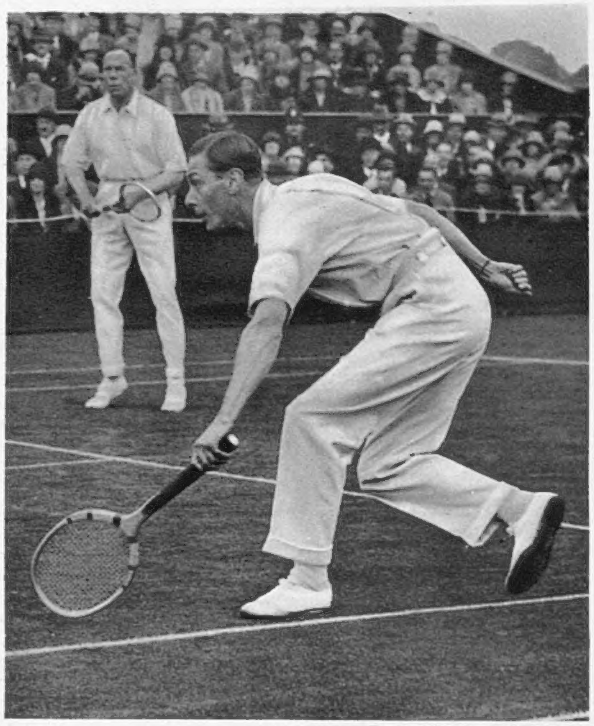
This fine portrait-study shows LADY MARGARET ("PEGGY") CAVENDISH-BENTINCK, *younger daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Titchfield, who was one of the six train-bearers to the Queen at the Coronation. She is a granddaughter of the Duke and Duchess of Portland. Her mother, the Marchioness of Titchfield, was formerly a Maid of Honour to Queen Alexandra.*

HELEN JACOBS ON CORONATION TENNIS.

LAWN TENNIS has added its share to the excitement of Coronation year. It is tremendously interesting that suddenly, as if to provide new zest for the game, the winning of the major lawn tennis championships should become an open question once again. If Fred Perry had remained in the amateur game, one cannot help feeling that he would again be victorious in the defence of his titles, and it would still remain for women's tennis to lend the element of uncertainty to the season. Now the whole tennis picture is altered. It is almost impossible to believe that England will retain the Davis Cup in July. Great player as is "Bunny" Austin, he cannot successfully defend the Cup alone, and for all the improvement in the game of Charles Hare, only the greatest optimist would concede him a chance against Budge, von Cramm or Crawford.

The Impetus of New Hope.

Already new hope has given impetus to the leading tennis countries. Australia, after deciding to withdraw from the 1937 Davis Cup matches, determined, after Perry's enlistment in the ranks of professionalism, to send its team into the field with a new and much heralded member, John Bromwich. The United States, intending all along to return a team to England, is sparing no effort to find among its many players the best choice for the singles position left vacant by the retirement of Wilmer Allison, and to direct to some extent the early training of Donald Budge. From all reports Henkel, the German team-mate of Gottfried von Cramm, has improved out of all recognition. China has put a new player into the field—Kho Sin Kie. His future prospects are brilliant. Except for occasional indifference to the importance of concentration—the signal of inexperience—he is a remarkable match player, and his endurance appears to be unlimited.



HIS MAJESTY THE KING *is an enthusiastic lawn-tennis player, and in 1926, when Duke of York, played in the Men's Doubles at Wimbledon with* COMMANDER SIR LOUIS GREIG, *then Wing-Commander Louis Greig (seen in background), who was his Comptroller and Equerry from 1917-23.*

Waiting for a New Hero.

It is certain that the battle for the Cup in Coronation year will be more exciting than it has been for three years. It will be a contest from scratch, with everybody waiting for a new tennis hero to arise out of the *mêlée*. If England, playing with her back to the wall, should retain the Davis Cup, it would be a most appropriate and glorious victory. Wimbledon, always the most thrilling tennis meeting of the year, is bound to have a new men's champion this year. My choice for the title is Donald Budge, but the path to the championship is a long and arduous one, and it is not unlikely that Gottfried von Cramm will at last fulfil his ambition.

Improved Women Players.

The improvement among the women players has, comparatively, been even greater this year than that of the men. Mme. Mathieu is playing the best tennis of her long career, with more confidence than she has shown for several years; Dorothy Round has recovered the form which abandoned her last season; Anita Lizana, having played all year long, has so far been able to avoid the pitfall of staleness, and to reap only the reward of experience and practice; Mary Hardwick seems to be quite another player this year; and Hilde Sperling, who had little room for improvement, is increasing the certainty of her net game. I feel certain that my own game has improved, but I have had little opportunity so far to test it.

A Fresh Era.

It is fitting that Coronation year should witness a fresh era in England's tennis. Forced into the necessity of developing new talent in a hurry, the country has so stimulated and encouraged those players of nearly first class that they are approaching very close to the heels of the champions. This has been the way with England's tennis. Even during those years when it seemed impossible to develop a man player capable of surviving the last eight at Wimbledon, England never lost hope, and eventually produced, in Fred Perry, one of the greatest champions of all time. It is rarely that a new champion does not make some valuable contribution to the game. Fred Perry made speed of shot and timing the essence of victory, "Bunny" Austin made a great contribution in style, Bill Tilden gave us the all-court game, Suzanne Lenglen gave us supreme accuracy, Helen Moody showed us the winning value of power, and the host of other champions each contributed something of their own. When England's new champions arise, as they will, so consistently encouraged by the Tennis Association, it will be interesting to see what advancement in the game they mark.

The Centre Court at Wimbledon has long been the nurturing ground of great tennis. The champions of all countries converge upon it, but, generally speaking, the tennis that is good enough in their own countries is not good enough to win the championship of the world. I have seldom seen a winner at Wimbledon who did not raise his game to unprecedented level. The stimulating factor might vaguely be called the atmosphere of the Centre Court, but on investigating that term it is found to mean the capacity gallery, with its strong sense of good play and its encouragement to effort; the perfection of the court itself; the conscientious attention of umpires and linesmen; the emphasis upon good sportsmanship; the enthusiastic reception of the champions, be they English or foreigners.

Royal Interest in Wimbledon.

The atmosphere should be even stronger and more tense this year. The visiting players will be, in the sporting sense, representatives of their countries at Court, for King George and Queen Elizabeth have long been interested followers of the game, and it is more than likely that both their Majesties will be spectators in the Centre Court this year. The King once played in the Championships at Wimbledon, and has been the honorary President of the All-England Club. To the foreign players, a Coronation year victory will have special significance; for the home players, particular pleasure as well; and the sporting world in general, to whom Wimbledon has always meant the highest in tennis honours, will watch with more interest than ever the exciting progress of a tournament which must stand out among the sporting classics of history.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN *has always taken an interest in lawn tennis and has constantly visited Wimbledon to watch the play on the Centre Court. She is here seen, in 1935, when Duchess of York, with* MRS. HELEN WILLS MOODY *at Lady Crosfield's lawn-tennis party.*

RESPONSIBLE FOR THE CORONATION ARRANGEMENTS: THE EARL MARSHAL; WITH HIS WIFE.

The earliest record of the hereditary office of Earl Marshal dates from the twelfth century. It passed from the family of Marshall to the Bigods and Mowbrays, and ultimately to the Howards, Dukes of Norfolk. The DUKE OF NORFOLK, *Earl Marshal, had entire charge of the Coronation ceremony, at which (as premier Duke) he rendered homage on behalf of all the Dukes. In the Royal Progress into the Abbey he preceded the King and was one of the Great Officers of State who supported the Archbishop of Canterbury at the Recognition. The larger photograph shows the* DUKE *and* DUCHESS *at Arundel Castle; and the snapshot was taken on the night of the first Court.*

CORONATION SERVICE

All the people on this page performed official duties in the Coronation ceremony. They are seen leaving the Abbey after one of the later rehearsals. LADY ELIZABETH MONTAGU-DOUGLAS-SCOTT, daughter of HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH (a Canopy-bearer to the Queen), is carrying her mother's robes.

MR. ALEXANDER A. A. D. RAMSAY, son of the Hon. Sir Alexander R. Maule Ramsay and of Lady Patricia Ramsay (left), and VISCOUNT LASCELLES, son of the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood, were Pages to the King.

LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN, daughter of the Marquess of Carisbrooke, cousin of the King, and LADY MARGARET ("PEGGY") CAVENDISH-BENTINCK, daughter of the Marquess of Titchfield, were train-bearers.

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE (formerly Lady Mary Crewe-Milnes) was a Canopy-bearer to the Queen. She herself carried her robes out of the Abbey after a rehearsal.

OFFICIALS IN "MUFTI."

LADY ELIZABETH PAGET, *daughter of the Marquess of Anglesey, was one of the Queen's six train-bearers.*

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND, *Mistress of the Robes to the Queen, is with her daughter,* LADY DIANA PERCY, *and her youngest son,* LORD GEOFFREY PERCY, *who acted as Page of Honour to her at the Coronation ceremony. The Mistress of the Robes accompanied the Queen at every stage of the service.*

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND, *a Canopy-bearer, is with her daughter,* LADY URSULA MANNERS *(left), a train-bearer.*

The EARL MARSHAL, *whose duties at the Coronation included that of standing beside the King throughout the ceremony, is seen with his wife, the* DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, *a Canopy-bearer to the Queen, leaving after a rehearsal. He is carrying the Duchess's robes in a box.*

ROYAL ANGLERS.

How many anglers realise when they use that deadly fly, the "Alexandra," that it was named after Queen Alexandra, who was a keen angler, as was Princess Victoria. Queen Alexandra's rod was inlaid with gold and had six joints—a doubtful virtue, according to modern standards — but if this was the rod the Queen used in Ireland, it killed more than one salmon. King Edward was not an enthusiastic angler like his brother, the Duke of Edinburgh, but he killed at least one salmon on the Floors Castle water, River Tweed, and also fished in the Saguenay River in Canada. Princess Louise was a very fine salmon angler, and while fishing in Canada, she earned a reputation for hooking and playing fish more skilfully than most men. The Duchess of Fife was also devoted to angling. The Duke of Connaught and Princess Patricia had a successful fishing trip in Gaspé, Canada, in 1912. Prince Arthur of Connaught is a most enthusiastic angler, and one of the few salmon anglers who have killed a fish of over 40 lb. This he did on Oct. 12, 1904, when he landed a 44-pounder in the Braehead Pool, River Spey, while a guest of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon at Gordon Castle.

This photograph of THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING *and* QUEEN *was taken in 1927, when, as Duke and Duchess of York, they visited New Zealand. They were out on an early-morning fishing expedition at Tokaanu when snapshotted.*

King George V. and the Forty-Pounder.

Prince Arthur of Connaught is not the only member of the Royal Family who has killed a 40-pounder, for King George V., when Prince of Wales, was in command of a squadron of the British Fleet on a visit to Norway, and while there he fished the Aaro River, rented by Colonel Percy Hargreaves. With Johan, the gillie, the Prince fished hard all the morning, but had no luck. After lunch, however, he was soon into a fish, which was landed after a great fight, during which the spectators greatly admired his skilful handling of the salmon in difficult water. The fish weighed 40 lb., and Johan earned a golden guinea for his good work in landing it safely.

Princes as Roach Anglers.

King George the Fifth's family have all tried their hand at angling, and some, if not all, are keen and skilful anglers. When only six years old, our present King, then Prince Albert, with Prince Edward, caught a lot of roach on fly and worm in 1902; and in May of that year Prince Albert caught his first brace of trout in a Norfolk stream, and Prince Edward also had one. The Princess Royal's angling initiation also commenced with the roach in York Cottage pool, and at times there was great excitement when she or one of her brothers happened to catch a larger roach than usual. Her experience with the roach proved very useful when her Royal Highness first tried trout-fishing on the little chalk stream bordering the Sandringham estate. Here, in 1910, and later in the Gelder Burn at Balmoral, her Royal Highness learned how to catch trout, and in 1916 at Sandringham she proved herself an accomplished trout angler, stalking a rising fish most skilfully and never returning with an empty creel. In the York Cottage pool her Royal Highness caught many pike, live baiting with snap tackle, and on one occasion, when the live baits were finished, she caught a pike on a salmon fly. The Princess Royal has also fished for salmon at Mar Lodge. Her husband, the Earl of Harewood, is a keen trout fisherman, and when he accompanied the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Gloucester on their East African trip in 1928, he fished the Naro Moru River in Kenya. He preferred fishing for trout to big-game hunting.

Our delightful picture was specially painted for our sister-paper, "The Illustrated London News," and appeared in the Coronation Number of 1911. It represents KING GEORGE VI. *and his younger brothers and his sister fishing at Balmoral. The names (l. to r.) are: Princess Mary, now the Princess Royal, Countess of Harewood; Prince John (died 1919); Prince George, now the Duke of Kent; Prince Henry, now the Duke of Gloucester; and Prince Albert, now the King.*

SPECIALLY PAINTED FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY S. BEGG.

Prince Henry and the Big Pike.

Some years ago, the Duke of Gloucester, then Prince Henry, was concerned in a very interesting pike-fishing incident which happened at Leed's Castle, near Maidstone. Major Pym's son hooked a huge pike, which broke the line and went off with float, lead and hooks. A week later, Prince Henry, while fishing the same place, hooked up the lost tackle, and found the pike still on. It was safely landed, and when weighed, proved to be 29 lb. Major Pym was informed by the Prince that he was having the pike's head set up. In February 1927, their Majesties the King and Queen, then the Duke and Duchess of York, fished in New Zealand. Both the Duke of York and the Duke of Gloucester have been big-game fishing. The Duke of York fished for five hours off Cape Brett, and then hooked a reremai shark of 150 lb. When the weather was too rough for big-game fishing, the Duke and Duchess amused themselves with hand-lines, fishing for smaller fish in sheltered waters. Experience counts, even with a hand line, and the Duchess, who has handled fishing rods since she was very young, landed the best bag of 17 large schnapper and 3 kakawai. The Duchess also fished for trout in the Tongariro River, and at Taupo. She wore waders and made some good catches. In September 1929, the Duke and Duchess fished the River Dee — the Birkhall water belongs to the King.

His Majesty Proud to be a Fisherman.

I remember when the Duke of York was the guest of honour at the Fly Fishers' Club dinner, Feb. 22, 1928, he told us that he was proud to be able to say that he was a fisherman. He said that he never missed an opportunity to go fishing, and had enjoyed many happy days at home and in the Dominions. Referring to their recent trip to New Zealand, the Duke spoke of the "glorious uncertainty of the big-game fishing—wondering whether he would not be sick." He also said that if fly fishing could be universally indulged in throughout the world, there would be no need for the League of Nations, and added "there is nothing like fishing to produce peace of mind and good will among men."

R. L. MARSTON.

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.

LORD AND LADY LONDONDERRY IN THEIR ROBES.

This striking portrait-study shows the MARQUESS *and* MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY *as they appeared in the Abbey at the Coronation service. The Marquess of Londonderry is in full robes as a Knight of the Garter. He was one of the four Knights of this famous Order who carried the Canopy at the Anointing of the King. The others were the Duke of Abercorn, the Earl of Lytton, and Earl Stanhope. The Marchioness of Londonderry, D.B.E., is wearing some of the historic Londonderry jewels.*

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY DRIAN.

A CANOPY-BEARER TO THE QUEEN DRAWN BY DRIAN.

This charming portrait of HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND *is by* DRIAN, *the French artist. The Duchess was one of the Canopy-bearers for her Majesty at the Coronation. Her husband, the ninth Duke, was the bearer of the Queen's Sceptre with the Cross in the Procession. Their elder daughter, Lady Ursula Manners, was a train-bearer. On a later colour page are portraits of all the Canopy-bearers.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAY WRIGHTSON.

MISTRESS OF THE ROBES TO THE QUEEN.

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND, C.B.E., *was recently appointed Mistress of the Robes to her Majesty the Queen. The Duchess was Lady Helen Magdalen Gordon-Lennox and is a daughter of the seventh Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and an aunt of the present Duke. Her marriage to the eighth Duke of Northumberland took place in 1911, and she has four sons, the eldest of whom is the present Duke of Northumberland. Her elder daughter, Lady Elizabeth Percy, was a train-bearer to her Majesty.*

THE CORONATION AND EVERY WOMAN.

EVERY woman shared in the thrills of Coronation week outdoor pageantry, but "close-ups" of the solemn beauty of the Abbey service and of the glittering splendour of Buckingham Palace entertainments given by the King-Emperor to those he delighteth to honour were, necessarily, for the few. This comparatively small company, which includes Dominion, Colonial, and Foreign representatives, as well as men and women whose birth or position places them in Court circles, have been guests at a series of festivities whose magnificence sounds almost fabulous to ordinary folk accustomed to luxury-flat life and smart hotel or restaurant entertaining.

The HON. MARIEGOLD FITZALAN-HOWARD, *eldest daughter of Baroness Beaumont, a peeress in her own right, and of Lord Howard of Glossop, was presented by her mother.*

MISS SHEILA LYONS, *daughter of the Rt. Hon. Joseph Lyons, Premier of Australia, was presented at the second Court.*

MME. YOSHIDA, *wife of H.E. the Japanese Ambassador, presented her daughter,* MLLE. YOSHIDA. *They are here seen starting for the Court.*

LADY ACTON, *the young wife of Lord Acton, presented her sister-in-law, the* HON. MARGARET ACTON.

Buckingham Palace, during the past week, has been the scene of two State Banquets (on May 10 and May 13), a lunch-party for British Commonwealth representatives on May 11, and a Court Ball on May 14. The State Dining-Room at the Palace was designed to dazzle the eye. The pale honey-gold walls and curtains of crimson brocade with a design in high relief on a background of yellow silk shot with gold; the gilt on the plasterwork of the ceiling and on the ormolu-mounted marble doorways; the mirror doors; the array of gold plate decking the sideboards, and the glittering chandeliers strike a majestic chord which comports well with the traditional idea of kingly splendour. On the walls hang the famous series of full-length royal portraits. The company is dominated by Lawrence's celebrated George IV.—a portrait showing the First Gentleman in Europe with his hand resting on a Sèvres table, presented to him by Louis XVIII., upon which is placed the Royal Crown. Gainsborough is represented by his George III. and his Queen Charlotte (the latter a less formal picture which includes a little liver-and-white spaniel gambolling at the royal feet), and by portraits of Frederick Prince of Wales ("poor Fred") and his wife, Augusta; and there is a Kneller of that grand woman, Queen Caroline. The furniture includes ten sideboards and the huge table of Spanish mahogany, which is usually set out with eight leaves, though it has another nineteen in reserve, so that sixty guests can be accommodated in addition to the King and Queen. Their Majesties usually sit opposite to each other in the centre of the table, on chairs exactly similar to those provided for their guests. These chairs are of Regency design and were used in the Gothic Dining-room at Carlton House.

But though the State Dining-room is so large, State Banquets are usually held in the Ballroom, which is also used for Courts and State Balls. This is the most familiar apartment in Buckingham Palace, for every débutante who goes to curtsey to Majesty does so there, though it is not likely that all girls keep cool enough to carry away a clear idea of the famous recessed Throne Daïs, containing the thrones used in Westminster Abbey during the second part of the Coronation ceremony of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra, which have since then served as Chairs of State. Nor is it probable that they observe the noble Gobelins tapestries woven in 1776 from designs painted by François de Troy, illustrating scenes from the story of Jason and the Golden Fleece.

A Court Ball remains the most decorative and impressive of all Palace functions, not only on account of the stately procedure which characterises it, or of the variety and magnificence of the naval, military, air force, and diplomatic uniforms worn by the men present, but because, in addition to the bejewelled and handsomely dressed women in the Court circle, the Peeresses and Ambassadors' wives in glittering jewels, there is such a large sprinkling of radiant youth among the guests. Their Majesties make it a rule to invite the more important débutantes to the Court Balls, and young Guards officers and diplomats are also among the guests, who may enjoy dancing to the strains of a first-class band.

The procedure at a Court Ball is particularly impressive, though these functions are not quite so rigidly formal in character as they were in pre-war days, when royalty opened the dance programme by taking part in a quadrille. Modern dance music is now played, and the younger members of the Royal Family mingle freely with the guests and take part in the dancing.

Those who have had the honour to be invited assemble in the great Ballroom, which was built for Queen Victoria and is immensely large—actually 123 feet in length. The Ambassadors and their wives and the other diplomatic representatives of foreign Powers gather in the corner to the left hand of the Throne Daïs, while the Duchesses assemble in the opposite angle. The arrival of the Royal Procession is signalled by

the band playing the National Anthem, and the King and Queen pass straight to the Royal Daïs, after which the members of their family take up positions on chairs behind and on either side of the daïs. After about an hour the Royal Procession moves off to supper, making its exit after proceeding down the centre of the room. While the King and Queen are in the Ballroom every male guest remains standing, but it is correct for women guests to take chairs after their Majesties are seated.

. . . .

This year the names of girls on the Court list include Lady Iris Mountbatten and Lady Tatiana Mountbatten, both relatives of the King. Lady Tatiana and her cousin, Lady Gina Wernher, are descended from the Romanoff family, for their grandfather was the late Grand Duke Michael, and the pre-war generation remembers their mothers as the fascinating Torby girls. The Ladies Ann and "Peggy" Cavendish-Bentinck, Lady Ursula Manners, Lady Elizabeth Paget, and Lady Diana Legge are also among the girls whose parents are personal friends of the King and Queen.

Our overseas visitors share in the glories of Coronation season and enjoy to the full the honour of royal hospitality, and daughters of our Dominions and Commonwealth representatives are among the young people included in official invitations—not to State Banquets, but to Court Balls, and to important receptions such as those held at the Foreign Office and given by the Speaker and Mrs. Fitzroy.

. . .

It will have been an unforgettable experience for many of these young people from across the world to have attended the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland's Garden Party, fixed for Saturday, May 15, at their lovely house, Sutton Place, near Guildford. The Duchess of Sutherland, who is tall, lovely, and a wonderful hostess, always gives the impression that she was specially created to be a Duchess, so charming and so stately are her appearance and her manner. She is one of the most important hostesses for this week, as her dance, which was expected to be honoured by the presence of their Majesties, was fixed for last night, May 18, at Hampden House, the Duke's London residence.

. . . . . .

But if the majority of this year's débutantes will have to be content with the ordinary round of dances, they will still have a great deal to look back on as the result of coming out in Coronation year. The actual procession caused a tremendous amount of Coronation-day entertaining. Every hostess fortunate enough to possess a house or a flat overlooking the route made up a party for as many as she could accommodate, though it must have called for a great display of tact as to how best to arrange the guests when they got there! Others who could obtain tickets for privileged stands entertained their fortunate friends by inviting them to these. Quite a number of girls were asked to the House of Lords' Stand—a favourable position, for lunch was obtainable in special tents in Palace Yard.

. . . .

And if every girl cannot hope to be summoned to a Court Ball, all can look forward to attending splendid private entertainments by such great hostesses as Lady St. Davids, whose ball for Miss Lelgarde Philipps was fixed for last night in the house in Carlton House Terrace which she has taken for the season; Lady Fitzwilliam's for her granddaughter, Lady Ann Stuart-Wortley; and Lady Moyne's for her lovely Titian-haired Grania Guinness, to quote only a few of the notable fixtures for later in the season. There is also the chance of finding yourself at a function attended by royalty, even if you do not move in Court circles, for the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester have definitely promised to attend the Derby Ball on May 31, and their Royal Graces of Kent may perhaps be seen at some of the important dances given for charities, or in honour of notable débutantes in the coming weeks.

. . .

The Coronation Festivities in which all the world could join last week included the Costume Ball at the Albert Hall on May 13. Never had a more splendid pageant been planned, nor had a more complete and representative assembly of British society and stage beauties been assembled to appear in it. The procession of Shakespeare's heroines included Lady Tichborne, formerly Miss Toni Snagge, as Helena; Lady Margaret and Lady Ann Cavendish-Bentinck as Titania and Rosalind respectively; Miss Primula Rollo as Celia, Lady Jean Ramsay as Phœbe, and Lady Ursula Manners as Jessica.

It is interesting to note, too, that three generations were represented in the pageant, for Lady Oxford was Queen Elizabeth; her daughter, Princess Bibesco, was cast for Richard III.'s queen; and her granddaughter, Princess Priscilla Bibesco, was Cressida in the company of Shakespeare's heroines.—MARIEGOLD.

MISS ROSALEEN FORBES, *daughter of Major the Hon. Donald and Mrs. Forbes, was presented by her mother. She is a niece of the Earl of Granard.*

MRS. ELLIOTT STRAUSS, *wife of an Assistant Naval Attaché to the American Embassy, was presented by Mrs. Bingham, wife of H.E. the United States Ambassador.*

The COUNTESS OF LISBURNE *presented her elder daughter,* LADY GLORIA FISHER *(right), on her marriage, and her débutante daughter,* LADY HONOR VAUGHAN.

LADY ZIA WERNHER *presented her daughter,* MISS GEORGINA WERNHER, *and the* COUNTESS OF AIRLIE *presented her daughter,* LADY JEAN OGILVY, *at the first Court. Our group shows them left to right. Lady Zia Wernher is a daughter of the late Grand Duke Michael.*

BEARERS OF GREAT NAMES IN CORONATION ROBES.

VISCOUNTESS MOUNTGARRET *is the wife of the sixteenth Viscount, and was Miss Eglantine Christie. She is a daughter of Mr. William Lorenzo Christie, of Jervaulx Abbey, Yorks.*

VISCOUNTESS BRIDPORT *is the wife of the third Viscount Bridport, who is a descendant of Lord Nelson through the Duchess of Brontë, who married the second Baron Bridport.*

FIELD-MARSHAL THE EARL OF CAVAN *was in command of the troops on Coronation Day. He is here posed with his wife, the* COUNTESS OF CAVAN, *who is a daughter of the fifth Earl of Strafford, and was Lady Joan Mulholland.*

VISCOUNT SWINTON, *here seen with* VISCOUNTESS SWINTON, *is the Secretary of State for Air. Lady Swinton was Miss Mary Constance Boynton.*

The EARL *and* COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE AND MONTGOMERY *are seen in their robes in the famous double-cube drawing-room at Wilton, Lord Pembroke's historic Wiltshire seat. Their daughter, Viscountess Hambleden, is a Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JANE HAYDON; ROYAL STUDIOS, SALISBURY; S. AND G.; PETER NORTH; AND LENARE.

PORTRAIT BY JANET JEVONS.

ROYAL TRAIN-BEARER AND DÉBUTANTE.

LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN, *only child of the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke, and granddaughter of H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, was a train-bearer to the Queen at the Coronation. She is seventeen years of age and one of the most important débutantes of the season. She is here posed in one of the State rooms at Kensington Palace in the silver dress, finished with a belt of pearl and crystal embroidery, which she wore at the second Court. On the left side of her corsage is King George's Jubilee medal.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

A LADY OF THE BEDCHAMBER TO THE QUEEN.

LADY NUNBURNHOLME *is one of the four Ladies of the Bedchamber to H.M. the Queen. The others are the Countess Spencer, the Viscountess Halifax, and the Viscountess Hambleden. Lady Nunburnholme, who was Lady Mary Thynne, is the youngest daughter of the Marquess of Bath. Her marriage to the third Lord Nunburnholme took place in 1927.*

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE.

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK.

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH.

CANOPY-BEARERS TO THE QUEEN AT THE CORONATION.

The Duchess of Roxburghe was Lady Mary Crewe-Milnes.——The Duchess of Rutland was Miss Kathleen Tennant.——The Duchess of Norfolk is the wife of the Earl Marshal. She was the Hon. Lavinia Strutt.——The Duchess of Buccleuch was Miss Mollie Lascelles. She is a sister-in-law of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester.

LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN.

LADY ELIZABETH PERCY.

LADY MARGARET CAVENDISH-BENTINCK.

LADY ELIZABETH PAGET.

LADY URSULA MANNERS.

LADY DIANA LEGGE.

TRAIN - BEARERS TO THE QUEEN AT THE CORONATION.

Lady Iris Mountbatten is the only child of the Marquess of Carisbrooke. —Lady Elizabeth Percy is a sister of the Duke of Northumberland.—Lady Margaret Cavendish-Bentinck is a daughter of the Marquess of Titchfield. Lady Elizabeth Paget is a daughter of the Marquess of Anglesey. Lady Ursula Manners is a daughter of the Duke of Rutland. Lady Diana Legge is a daughter of Earl of Dartmouth.

ST. EDWARD'S CROWN BORNE TO THE HIGH ALTAR ON CORONATION MORNING.

The Regalia were placed in the Jerusalem Chamber at the Abbey on the day before the Coronation and were guarded by Yeoman Warders from the Tower, under the command of the King's Bargemaster, a custom dating from the days when the "Honours of England" were conveyed from the Tower for the ceremony by water. On the following morning the clergy and the Prebendaries of the Abbey bearing the Regalia formed a procession which passed through the Cloister into the Abbey, where the emblems of sovereignty were laid on the High Altar. Later, the Prebendaries bore them in procession into the Annexe.

LEAVING THEIR LONDON HOME FOR THE SOLEMNITY IN THE ABBEY: THEIR MAJESTIES STARTING FROM THE PALACE IN THEIR STATE COACH.

This fine photograph gives an excellent idea of the start of the Royal Procession from Buckingham Palace. THEIR MAJESTIES, *in the State Coach, are just passing the memorial to Queen Victoria. They left the Palace by the central arch, and then turned right in the forecourt, to leave by the gate to the right of the central gate—shown to the left centre of our photograph.*

THE ROYAL FAMILY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE AFTER THE CORONATION.

This group of the Royal Family at Buckingham Palace on Coronation Day, May 12, shows (left to right) H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL, H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, H.M. QUEEN MARY, H.M. THE KING, with H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET and H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH in front of him, H.M. THE QUEEN, H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT, H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT, and H.M. THE QUEEN OF NORWAY, sister of King George V.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAY WRIGHTSON.

"CLOSE-UPS" OF ABBEY GUESTS: PEERS AND

VISCOUNTESS FURNESS, H.H. THE AGA KHAN *and* H.H. THE BEGUM AGA KHAN *(l. to r.) leaving the Abbey.*

The DUCHESS OF RICHMOND AND GORDON *and the Duke's page,* CHARLES VYNER, *starting for the Abbey.*

The DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER *leaving her house for the Abbey.*

Left: LADY FAIRFAX *and* LADY ATHLUMNEY *leaving the Abbey.*

Right: T.R.H. THE DUKE *and* DUCHESS OF KENT *leaving for the Abbey.*

EARL *and* COUNTESS BEATTY. *She was Mrs. Dorothy Sands, and is a recent bride.*

The COUNTESS OF MUNSTER *after the ceremony. Her husband is descended from William IV.*

VISCOUNTESS DUNEDIN *in the crowd of Peeresses waiting to leave the Abbey.*

PEERESSES IN THEIR ROBES FOR WESTMINSTER.

The DUCHESS OF LEEDS *leaving Westminster Abbey.*

VISCOUNT ELIBANK, LADY SWINFEN *and* LORD SWINFEN *after the Abbey service.*

VISCOUNTESS SELBY *and* VISCOUNTESS BUCKMASTER *(right) after the Abbey service.*

Left: LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN, LADY ELIZABETH PAGET *and* LADY URSULA MANNERS *(l. to r.) three of the Queen's train-bearers.*

Right: LORD *and* LADY ORANMORE AND BROWNE *waiting for their car after the service.*

The EARL *and* COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY *and* CHRISTOPHER TALBOT, *Lord Shrewsbury's page.*

VISCOUNTESS MASSEREENE AND FERRARD *wearing a Russian-shape tiara.*

LADY BELPER, *stepmother of the Duchess of Norfolk, waiting for her car.*

ABBEY GUESTS LEAVING AFTER THE CEREMONY.

These Abbey guests waiting to leave are (l. to r.) VISCOUNT *and* VISCOUNTESS ARBUTHNOTT *and the* EARL *and* COUNTESS OF YARBOROUGH.

LORD *and* LADY BROWNLOW *walked away from the Abbey carrying their coronets in their hands.*

LORD *and* LADY WALERAN *are seen leaving. She was Miss Betty Emsley Carr.*

VICE-ADMIRAL *the* HON. WILLIAM *and* LADY ROSE LEVESON-GOWER *are with their children,* GRANVILLE *and* MARY CECILIA.

Left: The early start and the length of the Coronation Service made Coronation Day very tiring for the Peeresses. Here PRISCILLA, COUNTESS ANNESLEY *(right), is taking a few moments' rest before leaving the Abbey.*

Right: LADY MOWBRAY AND STOURTON, *wife of the twenty-fifth Baron Mowbray, twenty-sixth Baron Segrave, and twenty-second Baron and Lord Stourton of Stourton, is here seen waiting to leave the Abbey. She was Miss Sheila Gully.*

THEIR MAJESTIES IN THEIR CHAIRS OF ESTATE.

At the opening of the Service the KING *and* QUEEN *occupied their* CHAIRS OF ESTATE, *and his Majesty wore his* CAP OF MAINTENANCE, *while her Majesty was bare-headed. This shows them seated in these chairs, with their faldstools before them. H.M. Queen Mary, the Queen of Norway, the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, parents of the Queen, and the little Princesses are in the Royal Box behind. The Marquess of Zetland is seen on the left, bearing the Sword of State.*

THE ARCHBISHOP ADMINISTERS THE CORONATION OATH TO KING GEORGE VI.

The solemn splendour of the historic Coronation Service of the Sovereigns of England is well illustrated by this magnificent photograph of the interior of Westminster Abbey at the beginning of the ceremony. The ARCHBISHOP *is standing in the centre of the Theatre, administering the Oath to* KING GEORGE VI., *who is seated on his Chair of Estate, wearing the Cap of Maintenance, while the Queen sits on her Chair of Estate beside him. The Duchess of Northumberland, Mistress of the Robes, and the Queen's train-bearers (the Ladies Ursula Manners, Margaret Cavendish-Bentinck, Diana Legge, Elizabeth Paget, Elizabeth Percy, and Iris Mountbatten) are standing behind her. Queen Mary, the Princesses, and other members of the Royal Family, are in the Royal Box behind the King and Queen; and the Princes of the Blood Royal, T.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, the Duke of Kent, and Prince Arthur of Connaught, are on the right, seated on chairs before the rows of Peers in the South Transept. King Edward's Chair is in the centre of the Theatre, and the Thrones are on the daïs nearer the camera.*

THE CROWNING OF THE KING.

According to immemorial custom, KING GEORGE VI. *was crowned with the Crown of St. Edward while seated in King Edward's Chair. The Dean of Westminster brought the Crown from the Altar and handed it to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who placed it on the royal head. "At the sight whereof, the people, with loud and repeated shouts, cried 'God Save the King!'" and the Peers put on their coronets and the Kings of Arms their crowns; and the trumpets sounded, and, by a signal given, the great guns at the Tower were shot off.*

THE CROWNING OF THE QUEEN.

The CROWNING OF QUEEN ELIZABETH *followed the Crowning, the Inthronization, and the Homage to King George VI. As the* ARCHBISHOP *set the Crown upon the Queen's head, he said: "Receive the Crown of glory, honour and joy; And God, the crown of the faithful, who by our Episcopal hands (though unworthy) doth this day set a crown of pure gold upon your head, enrich your royal heart with his abundant grace, and crown you with all princely virtues in this life. . . ."*

THE KING WATCHES HIS CONSORT'S CORONATION.

QUEEN ELIZABETH *kneeling at the faldstool before the Altar, watched by the already crowned* KING. *The Archbishop of Canterbury delivered into her right hand the Sceptre, and into her left the Ivory Rod with the Dove. As he placed the Crown upon her head, all the Peeresses put on their coronets, an action which Queen Victoria at her Coronation found so attractive. Going to her throne, the Queen bowed reverently to the King.*

THE QUEEN TAKES OFF HER CROWN.

Before the Communion, the King and the QUEEN took off their crowns. The Queen is seen handing hers to the Lord Chamberlain; while the King is standing (centre right). This was just before the King, according to custom, made an offering of an altar cloth and an ingot of gold of a pound weight.

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AND THE PEERS.

Chairs for the PRINCES OF THE BLOOD *were placed in the South Transept of the Abbey, with rows of seats immediately behind them for the Peers. In our photograph* H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *who takes the important part of the King's chief assistant in State duties, is seen nearest the camera, with the Peers in their robes and coronets behind him. The Marquess of Londonderry is on the extreme right of the picture.*

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This beautiful portrait of THE QUEEN was painted by Savely Sorine when her Majesty was Duchess of York. It is one which she herself likes, and it affords a striking contrast to the formal portraits with which the Coronation Season has familiarised us. In the opinion of a number of critics, it is the most poetic portrait which has been painted of her Majesty.

FROM THE PICTURE BY SAVELY SORINE.

OUR CROWNED AND CONSECRATED KING AND QUEEN IN

The State Coach in which our Sovereign Lord King George VI. and his Consort, Queen Elizabeth, drove to their Coronation and Consecration in Westminster Abbey and returned through their capital by a lengthy route, is the most splendid and historic royal equipage remaining in Europe. It was built for George III., who drove in it to open Parliament in 1762; it has been used at every English Coronation since that of George IV.; and the Sovereign drives in it to open Parliament. William (later, Sir William) Chambers worked out the design from various submitted. This design and the decorative details are typical of the symbolism characteristic of the period.

N THE STATE COACH DURING THE CORONATION PROCESSION.

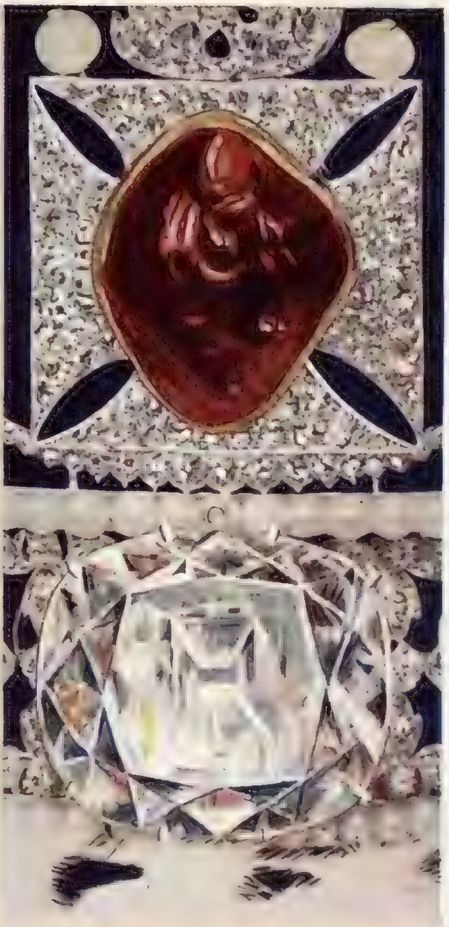
The roof is supported by eight palm-trees. Four large Tritons support the body, the two in front blowing conch-shells. The roof is surmounted by the Imperial Crown, upheld by three boys who hold in their hands the Sceptre, the Sword of State, and the Ensigns of Knighthood. The wheels are imitations of those of an ancient Triumphal Chariot. The panels bear allegorical subjects by Cipriani. On the upper back panel are the Royal Arms, beautifully ornamented with the Order of St. George, and entwined with the Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle. The vehicle originally cost no less than £7587 19s. 9½d.—[FROM THE PAINTING BY A. C. MICHAEL.]

St. Edward's Sapphire; and the Large Pearls, "once the Ear-rings of Queen Elizabeth." (The State Crown.)

The Drop-shaped Cullinan Diamond (Third Lesser Portion) as Fitted above Queen Mary's Crown.

The "Star of Africa" (the Largest Cullinan Diamond) in the King's Royal Sceptre; and, above it, the Great Amethyst Orb.

The Stuart Sapphire in its setting at the back of the State Crown.



The Black Prince's Ruby; and (below it) the Second Lesser Portion of the Cullinan Diamond. (The State Crown.)

The Coronation Ring of William IV., Edward VII., George V., and George VI.

The Koh-i-Noor Diamond; and (below it) the Fourth Lesser Cullinan Diamond, as Fitted in Queen Mary's Crown.

ROMANTIC JEWELS IN THE REGALIA.

The SAPPHIRE OF ST. EDWARD in the State Crown is held to have been in the Coronation Ring of Edward the Confessor. "THE STAR OF AFRICA" is part of the Cullinan Diamond, found in 1905 in the Premier Mine at Pretoria, and cut into four great brilliants and many smaller ones. The largest piece is in the King's Royal Sceptre. THE HISTORY OF THE BLACK PRINCE'S RUBY commences with the King of Granada in 1367. Don Pedro, King of Castile, gave it to the Black Prince; and Henry V. wore it at Agincourt. THE STUART SAPPHIRE probably belonged to Charles II. (See article on another page.)

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THE PRINCESSES AND QUEEN MARY LEAVE THE ABBEY.

This strikingly beautiful photograph of H.M. QUEEN MARY *shows her passing through the Choir after the ceremony in Westminster Abbey.* H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH, *the Heir Presumptive, and her sister,* H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET, *are seen wearing their coronets, and with robes of royal purple and ermine over their white dresses. Queen Mary, a magnificent figure in a cloth of gold dress embroidered with silver and diamonds, and wearing her Robe of royal purple velvet, is followed by her train-bearers, the* EARL OF DALKEITH, *the* MARQUESS OF LANSDOWNE, VISCOUNT ERRINGTON, *and her grandson, the* HON. GERALD LASCELLES. *The* DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, *Mistress of the Robes to Queen Mary, is seen behind the pages.*

KING GEORGE VI., CROWNED, LEAVING THE ABBEY.

This superbly impressive photograph shows the KING, *crowned, and bearing the insignia of sovereignty, the Royal Sceptre, the ensign of Kingly power and justice, and the Orb, leaving the Abbey after the ceremony. His train-bearers—Earl Haig, Alexander A. A. Ramsay, George R. Seymour, Montague R. V. Eliot, Earl Kitchener, Viscount Lascelles, George E. C. Hardinge, Lord Herschell, and Earl Jellicoe—followed him; and the Bishop of Bath and Wells and the Bishop of Durham are seen on either side of him.*

QUEEN ELIZABETH, CROWNED, LEAVING THE ABBEY.

The wonderful beauty and dignity of the Abbey ceremonial is well illustrated by this photograph of QUEEN ELIZABETH, *crowned, leaving Westminster. Her train-bearers—the Ladies Ursula Manners, Margaret Cavendish-Bentinck, Elizabeth Paget, Diana Legge, Elizabeth Percy, and Iris Mountbatten—are seen on either side; and the Mistress of the Robes, the Duchess of Northumberland, is immediately behind, followed by her page, Lord Geoffrey Percy; and by the Ladies of the Bedchamber and the Women of the Bedchamber.*

THE "PERISCOPE" CORONATION PROCESSION CROSSES TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

This fine panoramic photograph shows the STATE COACH, *bearing King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth crossing Trafalgar Square, the heart of London, after the ceremony in the Abbey. It gives a good idea of the serried masses of spectators who assembled to see the procession and it illustrates the* TREMENDOUS USE MADE OF THE PERISCOPE *by watchers in the street, for the many white cylinders held by members of the crowd are periscopes, which were on sale throughout the morning in London. This is the first occasion on which the periscope, a device of great value during the war, has been used to help crowds to view a Coronation.*

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NORWAY HOUSE

OUR CROWNED KING AND QUEEN ON THE HISTORIC BUCKINGHAM PALACE BALCONY — WITH QUEEN MARY AND THE PRINCESSES.

Yet another historic group was added to the long list of those photographed on the famous balcony at Buckingham Palace when the crowned KING *and* QUEEN *came out on their return from the Coronation and State drive through the crowded streets of their capital. Our group shows (l. to r.)* LADY MARGARET ("PEGGY") CAVENDISH-BENTINCK, LADY ELIZABETH PERCY, LADY DIANA LEGGE, *and* LADY URSULA MANNERS *(four of the Queen's train-bearers)* ; HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN ; H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH ; HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY ; H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET ; HIS MAJESTY THE KING ; *and* EARL HAIG, *one of the King's train-bearers. Their Majesties were received with the greatest enthusiasm and round after round of cheers from the huge crowds assembled outside the Palace.*

DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.B.A., ONE OF OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE FIRST CORONATION EVER FILMED.

Photographic history was made at the Coronation of King George VI. and his Consort, Queen Elizabeth, for the historic ceremony was not only photographed in the ordinary way, but filmed—this being the first occasion on which a cinematographic record of a coronation has ever been made. Many difficulties had to be overcome to insure success. The special lighting arrangements included the powerful floodlights mounted in inconspicuous positions round the Triforium and in the roof above the Theatre. These lights did not produce a glare—their sole result was a golden glow over everything. Even with this, a specially sensitized film had to be produced.

THE KING AND QUEEN ON THE FLOODLIT BUCKINGHAM PALACE BALCONY.

On other pages, we give a striking photograph of our King and Queen on the Buckingham Palace balcony, crowned, and wearing their Robes, on their return from the Abbey. Here KING GEORGE VI. *and* QUEEN ELIZABETH *are again posed on the famous balcony, but in evening dress. In all, they showed themselves five times on the balcony, in response to the repeated cheers of the crowd. After their final appearance, just before midnight, the floodlights were switched off the Palace façade, and the police asked the people to leave.*

A FEW OF THE CROWDS WHO WAITED FOR THEIR MAJESTIES TO APPEAR ON THE BALCONY.

One of the most impressive moments on the wonderful Coronation Day was the appearance of the crowned King and Queen on the balcony of Buckingham Palace which is illustrated on other pages. The density of the crowds assembled to catch a glimpse of King George VI., Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mary, and the little Princesses can be imagined by this photograph of a section of the pack of people in the Mall after their Majesties had returned to the Palace. The cheering which greeted their appearance was deafening and prolonged.

Edwardian style cap in chartreuse green coarse straw. Old World flowers circle the brow like a wreath, and a cascade of veiling falls at the back. Completed with a boutonnière to match. From The Hat Shop for 4½ Gns. the Set.
Harrods
Harrods Ltd
London SW1

PHOTOGRAPH BY SASHA.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THIS LONDON SPARROW—For Building Its Nest in a Ship From Which it Could Hear as Well as See the Coronation.

LONDON SPARROWS *are proverbially cheeky, intelligent, and able to look after themselves very well. The bird in our photograph, however, has, we imagine, created a record. It not only chose the top of a standard in the Mall for the site of its 1937 nest, from which it could obtain an excellent view of the Procession, but selected one fitted with a loud-speaker so that it was enabled to hear the Service in the Abbey as well!*

1.2

when
he's late
and
you feel shy
and
very
self-conscious . . .

have you
ever noticed
how a cigarette
will
in
some curious way
restore your
self-assurance ? . . .

and
at
the same time
it is
so
very
companionable.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT ABBEY SERVICE.

Left: Guests bidden to attend the solemn Coronation Service in Westminster Abbey found that every possible arrangement had been made to minister to their creature comforts. This shows a REFRESHMENT BUFFET *set up in the Cloisters.*

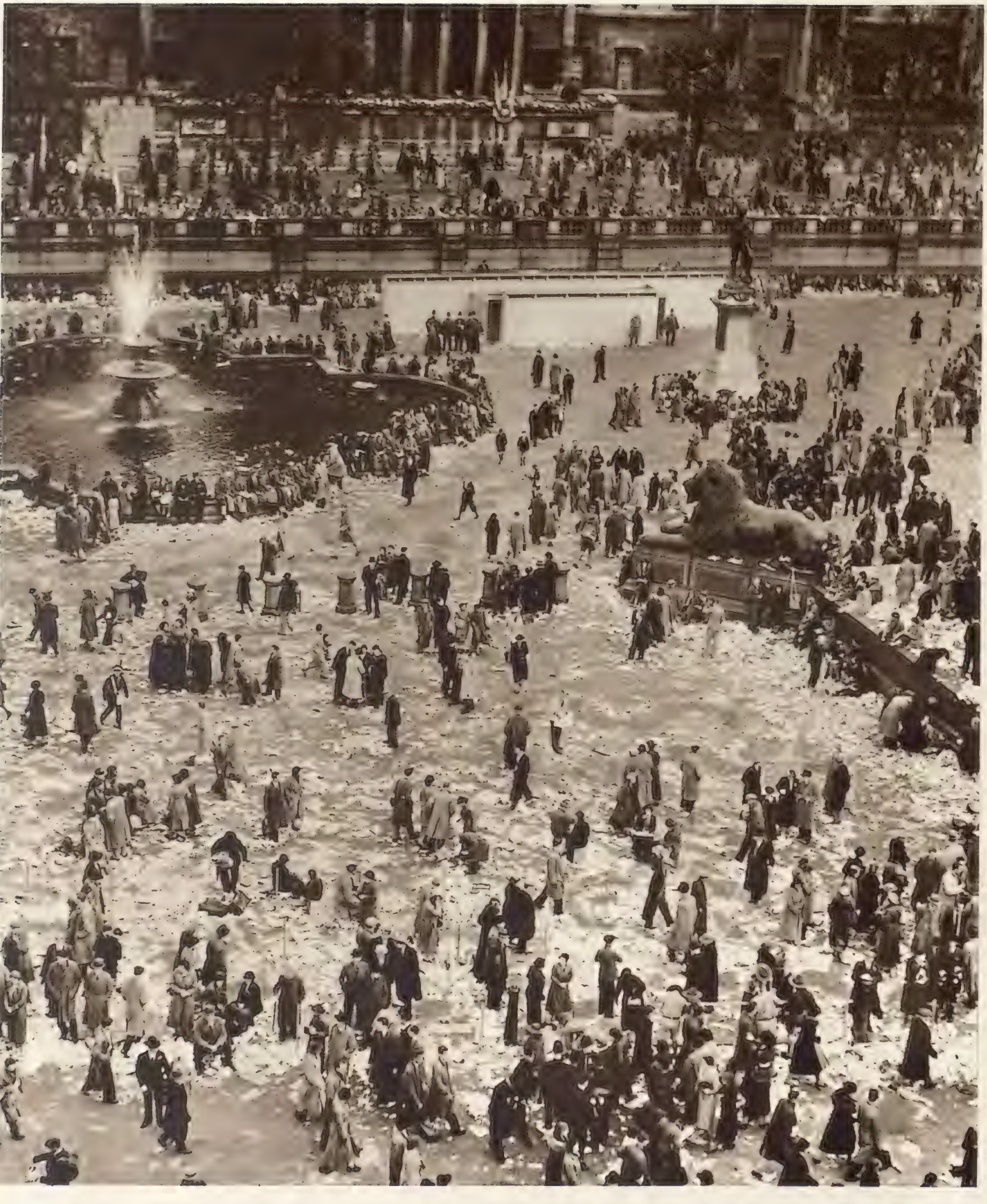
Below: COVENT GARDEN OPERA *celebrated the Coronation by having the house elaborately decorated with garlands of roses and arranging an enormous crown flanked with flowers in the Royal Box. After the King's speech had been broadcast and the curtain was raised,* MISS EVA TURNER *led the whole opera company and audience in the singing of the National Anthem, which was broadcast to the world. The opera chosen for performance was "Aïda."*

This England . . .

Bredon Hill, Worcestershire

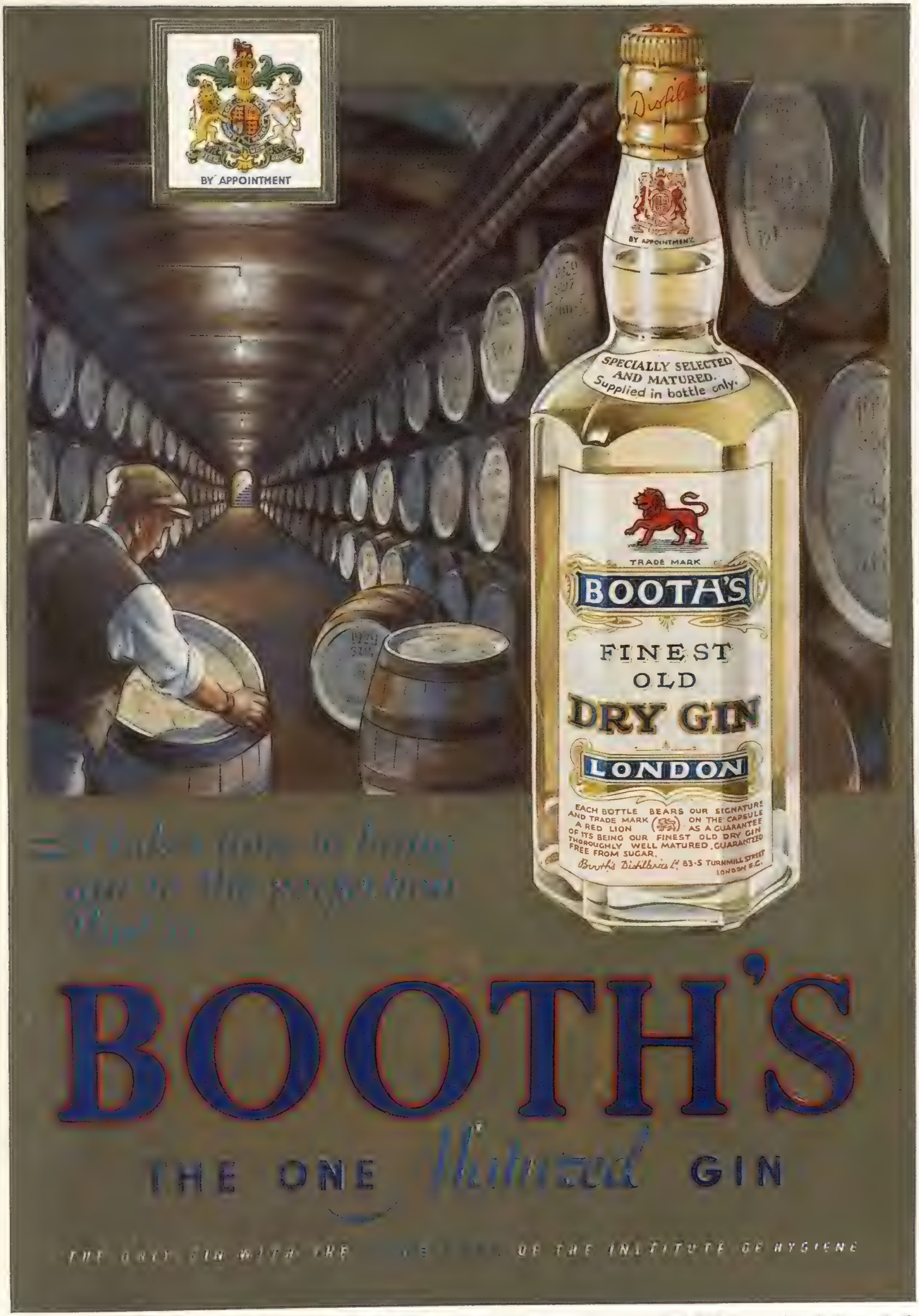
THIS summertime in England is a gentle glory, slow born of many rains. No sun-fed flare of colours is here, but a simple harmony of greens that has no equal. Nor is it the bells alone that sound so clear as you walk upon the hills. Rooks you will hear in elms a mile away, and cock-crows, and the barrel-housed sheep-dog of a farm you cannot see—sounds of an immemorial England, separate, peaceful, contenting. And so when you reach again the habitations of man, tired maybe, "sharp-set" certainly, there will come with your victuals a golden Worthington, belonging also to an England that has not changed.

ISSUED BY WORTHINGTON AND CO. LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENGLAND



WHO SAYS WE ARE AN IL-*LITTER*-ATE NATION?

The accusation that the British are an illiterate nation would appear to be refuted by this photograph of littered Trafalgar Square after the Coronation procession had passed by and the crowds had dispersed. The amount of reading matter scattered over the area appears to be impressively large—even when the huge crowds are considered! No doubt everyone helped the time of waiting to pass by enjoying what can hardly have been "a quiet read."



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CORK-TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
Cool and fresh on every occasion . . . smooth to your throat and always the same fine quality
CARRERAS LTD.—150 Years' Reputation for Quality

PRINCESS MARGARET'S CORONET FOR THE CORONATION (Above) AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S.—(ACTUAL SIZE.)

ROMANTIC JEWELS OF THE REGALIA.*

See Colour Plate: Page 348.

AMID the glory of the scene in Westminster Abbey, when King George the Sixth and his Consort, Queen Elizabeth, were crowned, not the least of its splendours that will linger in the memories of those privileged to witness the great ceremony was the dazzling beauty of the Crown Jewels, whose brilliance and colours scintillated from the Regalia. Many of these stones, moreover, are rich in historical romance.

The Imperial State Crown, worn by his Majesty upon his departure from Westminster Abbey and during the Royal Procession back to Buckingham Palace, is set with more than three thousand sparkling gems, including famous pieces known as St. Edward's Sapphire, the Stuart Sapphire, the Black Prince's Ruby, pearls "once the ear-rings of Queen Elizabeth," and the second lesser portion of the Cullinan Diamond. The oval-shaped Stuart Sapphire was amongst the jewels taken from England when James II. fled to France. It passed from him to the old Pretender, Charles Edward, who bequeathed it to his son, who became Cardinal York. At the demise of the Stuart cause, the Cardinal left the sapphire, with other Stuart relics, to George III. This beautiful jewel, which measures 1¾ in. by 1 1/16 in., was set in Queen Victoria's State crown for her Coronation in 1838. It was fixed in front of the crown below the Black Prince's Ruby, but to-day it is situated at the back of the crown, the front position now being occupied by the second lesser portion of the Cullinan Diamond. St. Edward's Sapphire, about five-eighths of an inch square, is clasped in the centre of the cross at the top of the Imperial State Crown. It is believed to have been in the Coronation Ring of Edward the Confessor, who ascended the Throne in 1042. In earlier days this sapphire was supposed to have the power of curing cramp.

After the Anointing, one of the most solemn moments of the Coronation service, H.M. the King was invested with the Colobium Sindonis and the Supertunica, or Close Pall of cloth of gold, together with a GIRDLE *of the same. This Girdle, which was made by Wilkinson and Son for the Girdlers' Company to present to his Majesty, in accordance with ancient custom, has a gold buckle and gold swivel and is beautifully embroidered.*

The Black Prince's Ruby has belonged to the Royal House since 1367. In that year, when in possession of the King of Granada, the stone was coveted by the King of Castille, who, in order to acquire it, killed the owner. In the same year the Black Prince, at the head of an English force fighting in the battle of Nagera, performed for Don Pedro a great service, and, in gratitude, Don Pedro awarded the blood-red ruby to him. The ruby was worn by Henry V. in his helmet at the Battle of Agincourt in 1415. During an encounter between the Duc d'Alençon and Henry V., a sword-cut by the Duc detached a piece of the coroneted helmet worn by the King. Nevertheless, the ruby stone was not damaged, and emerged with its victorious owner safely from the battle. After Charles I. had been executed, Parliament ordered the destruction or sale of all royal emblems, but luckily for posterity the ruby later on appeared in Charles II.'s State Crown. This crown, which can be seen in the London Museum, shows the position and shape of the ruby. When Colonel Blood and his men attempted to steal the Regalia from the Tower of London in 1671, the Black Prince's Ruby was knocked out of the crown, but was eventually retrieved from the pocket of one of the thieves. It has a polished surface and measures ¼ in. by 1 9/16 in.

The four large pearls which hang below the mound of the Imperial State Crown came to light after Queen Victoria died, when King Edward VII. had an inventory made of the contents of the royal palaces. Although no early records of the pearls have been traced, they are, by tradition, considered to be "the ear-rings of Queen Elizabeth." Each pearl measures nearly three-quarters of an inch in height.

The Koh-i-Noor Diamond, which flashes in front of the new crown made for Queen Elizabeth, was found by accident in the Golconda Mines in Southern India and was first seen by Tavernier, a French traveller, in A.D. 1665, when it was owned by the Emperor Aurungzebe. As the "Crowning Jewel" of the Great Moguls, it remained at Delhi until A.D. 1739, when, by right of conquest, it became the property ultimately of Nadir Shah, King of Persia. When collecting the booty due to him as conqueror, Nadir Shah failed to find the Koh-i-Noor. Subsequently, one of the harem ladies of the King of Delhi divulged the fact that her lord always wore the stone concealed in his turban. When Nadir Shah heard this, he invited the King of Delhi to dine, and then took advantage of a courtesy custom—the exchange of turbans—which no Eastern potentate might refuse without showing a great breach of manners.

And so the great diamond became the property of the King of Persia, who, later on, was murdered by a member of his bodyguard. The culprit fled to Afghanistan, became King, and founded the Duranni dynasty. Eventually the diamond was owned by Shah Shuja, a King of Kabul, who fled to Lahore when deposed, taking the Koh-i-Noor with him, and placed himself under the protection of the Maharaja Runjeet Singh, who gave the refugee asylum, but took possession of the priceless stone and wore it, set in gold surrounded by small rubies, on his right arm.

When the British conquered the Punjab in 1849, the stone fell to them by the fortune of war, and the Army of the Punjab subsequently decided to present the Koh-i-Noor to Queen Victoria, who, after the stone had been cut into the form of a brilliant, wore it as a brooch. Subsequently, it has been set in the crowns of Queen Alexandra, Queen Mary, and now in that of Queen Elizabeth. The Koh-i-Noor Diamond measures 1¼ in. by 1 7/16 in.

The "Star of Africa," or Cullinan Diamond, the largest in the Regalia, was discovered by chance in 1905 in the Premier Mine near Pretoria, and was named after Sir T. M. Cullinan, of the Premier Diamond Company. The diamond when found measured 4 in. by 2 in. by 2½ in., and weighed about 24 oz. It was bought for £150,000 by the Union Government of South Africa, and presented to King Edward VII. in 1907. The rough diamond was cut into four great brilliants and several smaller ones. The largest portion is drop-shaped, weighs 516½ carats, measures 1 13/16 in. by 2 5/16 in., and is set in the head of the King's Royal Sceptre with the Cross. The second lesser portion is set in the rim of the Imperial State Crown, below the Black Prince's Ruby. The third and fourth lesser portions were set in Queen Mary's crown.

The romantic jewels in the Regalia, which are illustrated in colours on page 348, are reproduced approximately natural size

THE ARMILL *(or Stole) with which the King was invested, together with the Robe Royal, or Pall of cloth of gold, during the Coronation service was made for the Girdlers' Company, which has the ancient right of presenting it to his Majesty. On a ground of fine cloth of gold, the emblems of the Empire are embroidered in coloured, flowing patterns. The Rose, Shamrock, Thistle, and Lily are at the base, their stems twining about four circular white shields bearing, in their appropriate colours, the crosses of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick and the dove of St. David. Above these are the Maple Leaf of Canada, the Wattle of Australia, the Fern Leaf of New Zealand, the Protea Flower of South Africa, and the Lotus of India. At the top of the design is a round white shield bearing the scarlet sword of India. Four girls worked on the Armill for two months in the embroidery room of the famous firm of Hobson and Co.*

* This article was compiled, by special permission, from that authoritative book "The Crown Jewels of England," by Major-General Sir George Younghusband, K.C.M.G., K.C.I.E. (Keeper of the Jewel House), and Cyril Davenport, V.D., F.S.A.

Haig in every Home

Don't be Vague ask for

Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

OBTAINABLE ALSO IN SMALL SIZES

PEPYS *into this* THIRST QUESTION

MAY 16TH By train to Northwood to Mr. James Bagot's for the first game at Tennis I have had since last Michaelmas. His partner, Miss Gascoine, had as fine a complexion as ever I saw, and a lusty Backhand Return; but to me (I think by her husband's contriving) fell Mrs. Bagot, who hath lost her wind of late and but for whom I had won many a lost game. So that by reason of my bearing the burden of the play I was betimes in a sorry tired state; wherefore I was much pleased when we sate down to divers drinks of Schweppes, viz. Sparkling Grape Fruit, Sparkling Lime and Sparkling Orange. And I think there is no better slaker of fiery throats and raiser of downcast spirits than that bright coolness and gracious keenness whereof the House of Schweppes do hold, it would seem, the secret and prescription.

BE SURE YOU SAY

Schweppes

PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS

THE THEATRE IN CORONATION YEAR.

By IVOR BROWN.

FOR the reason that you cannot fill streets without emptying houses, the theatrical industry naturally looked forward to a floodlit London of strolling sightseers with some apprehension. So it happened that some of the best pieces of the season were not brought into London until after Coronation Day, but remained on tour. Such included Mr. Gielgud's new piece, "He Was Born Gay," by that clever actor-author, Mr. Emlyn Williams, and the revival of Mr. Somerset Maugham's "The Constant Wife," with Miss Ruth Chatterton in the chief rôle.

The New Theatre has for long been our new Temple of the Classics, but "The Taming of the Shrew" failed to attract, and Shakespeare remained on Avon and south of the Thames. The Old Vic season is being carried on until the end of May, which means that our visitors can enjoy the richly coloured and decoratively assembled production of "Henry V.", to which Mr. Laurence Olivier contributes a performance of great lustre. There will almost certainly be Open Air classics in Regent's Park when the summer nights are sufficiently encouraging.

The visitor who wishes to see representative British production will not find our serious stage at its strongest till later in the season, but in light entertainment there is plenty to persuade him that we can both mount and perform a musical show with taste, wit, and vigour. The Cochran-Herbert Coronation Revue, "Home and Beauty," combines the written word of "A.P.H." with the spoken word of Miss Binnie Hale and Mr. Nelson Keys, and what could be fairer than that? Here are supreme artists in revue. It is hardly necessary to say that the show is gloriously staged, and that versatility in stage-cartooning was never more brilliantly demonstrated than by these two. At the Lyceum, "C.B.C." is presenting "Paganini," with Miss Evelyn Laye and the great Tauber. At Daly's there is admirable Offenbach, "The Grand Duchess," produced with plenty of colourful uniforms and voices apt to the music's charm.

"SARAH SIMPLE," *at the Garrick. After sojourning a vague seven years in New York, Mrs. Bendish* (LEONORA CORBETT) *turns up quite of her own accord as "Sarah Simple," a hat-monger, much to the disquiet of——*

——William Bendish (A. R. WHATMORE), *who had meant to divorce Mrs. Bendish, or* "SARAH SIMPLE," *of the new A. A. Milne play at the Garrick, but he has got the co-respondents all muddled up and now wants to marry a canon's relict.*

Assorted types of English drollery are to be seen at the Gaiety, the Saville, and the Hippodrome. I should put "Swing Along," at the Gaiety, first on a visiting list, because there is so much wit as well as clowning in the show. Mr. Leslie Henson here out-tops his own top form: at the other two houses, Messrs. Lupino and Cliff and Mr. Bobby Howes have proved strong attractions. The point is that all these favourites have quite distinct methods of conquering the public. Mr. Howes glides into our hearts; we pity while we laugh. Mr. Lupino arrives there with a broad smile and a somersault, needing no compassion, but commanding our laughter with ease. Mr. Henson is an eternal reassurance that existence is worth while; with his restless invention of absurdity, he persuades us that life is grand, since it creates such glorious oddities as the creatures he presents.

Among our established stars there has been some absenteeism. Mr. Laughton prefers film-work and Sir Cedric Hardwicke has been commending to New York that "Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" whom Mr. Ralph Richardson has established in such large practice at the Haymarket. Mr. Coward and Miss Gertrude Lawrence have also been away on a Manhatten conquest, but Mr. Novello has stayed at home to triumph at Drury Lane with the spectacular "Careless Rapture." All foreign visitors will want to see this great house, whose name is carved so deep into the fabric of London history. The piece itself will certainly interest and amuse and possibly puzzle them. They should be warned not to expect an intellectual masterpiece.

Let us consider the younger people who have come forward. Miss Margaret Rawlings gave such a striking performance in "Black Limelight" at Kew that it was immediately transferred to the St. James's. Here is a real personality with great talent; obviously she is going to count more and more in our theatre. She can lift the ordinary theatrical piece and give it largeness and glamour. Then there are two of the most popular shows in town, which depend on the teamwork of youth. These are "George and Margaret" (Wyndham's) and "French Without Tears" (Criterion). Furthermore, Miss Lilian Braithwaite has led another young team into great popularity at the Ambassadors' with "Bats in the Belfry."

All these three plays are of a rather "batty" kind; that is to say, they provide irresponsible fun, which audiences seem now to prefer to more logical and better constructed comedy. I select for leading exponents of this kind of thing, Mr. Rex Harrison and Miss Kay Hammond at the Criterion, and Mr. Noel Howlett and Miss Joyce Barbour at Wyndham's. Fortunately, our reputation for genuine light comedy, in which laughter has logic instead of lunacy behind it, has been sustained at the Whitehall by Mr. Ervine's "Anthony and Anna," easily the senior member of our company of long-distance "runners," and by Mr. Milne's newly arrived "Sarah Simple," at the Garrick. This is a pleasant tale of a wife who comes back. It is also the pleasant work of a dramatist who has done the same.

The most successful manager of the year is undoubtedly Mr. Firth Shepherd, who followed up "The Frog" with "Swing Along," and these with Mr. Ian Hay's "Housemaster" and Mr. Powys's "Wise To-morrow," a comedy much praised for its sharpness of wit. The last of these, to be seen at the Lyric with a cast representative of all that is liveliest in contemporary acting, would be a good choice for the visitor who wants to see something typical of the time. Mr. Ashley Dukes has spread his conquests farther from the Mercury Theatre. His plays, like the Auden-Isherwood satire, "The Ascent of F.6," begin in a small way at the tiny house at Notting Hill, then move to larger addresses. This time to the Little Theatre. "The Ascent of F.6" contains rhyme, reason, and some hard-hitting stuff about publicity and newspapers and politicians: these are familiar targets, but the authors bang away with plenty of ammunition and good marksmanship.

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page LIV.

THE CINEMA IN CORONATION YEAR.

By MICHAEL ORME.

A VAST concourse of loyal subjects from every corner of the British Empire, their numbers swelled by countless visitors from abroad, has been drawn to London to witness the crowning of our King and Queen. At such a time the greatest form of mass-entertainment the world has ever known—the Cinema—has a function to fulfil that inevitably brings it into peculiar prominence and suggests to those pre-occupied with its efforts and its achievements a pause to contemplate its progress. Attuned to the holiday humour of a mighty crowd which, having done honour to their Majesties and had its fill of pageantry and pomp, seeks easy relaxation, the cinema is well able to supply laughter, romance, and spectacle such as befits the mood of the moment. It has another duty to perform and does it with the enterprise and always impressive reality that make the news-reel of unvarying interest. The news-reel brings the cavalcade of the Coronation to those who could not cheer it on its actual passing, and, in greater intimacy, to a multitude who did. The news-reel and the specially prepared "shorts," travelling as they do along the route from point to point, enlarge the vision of the eye-witnesses and place on record all the phases of an historical occasion. As a recorder of national events, the cinema has a power and a purpose that no fluctuations of popular taste and no financial anxieties can impede or impair.

"WONDERFUL WORLD," *at the Victoria Palace. One of the thousand and one expressions of* STEVE GERAY, *Magyar "komiker."*

It would be idle to pretend that our film industry has been free from such anxieties or that it has not encountered such stormy weather as calls all hands on deck. Domestic upheavals have necessitated a certain amount of reorganisation and stock-taking in the studios, but I think we can find justification in some of the recent major British productions for basing optimism on the wisdom of the famous French advice, "*Reculez pour mieux sauter.*" The year is yet young and the shape of things to come scarcely sufficiently definite to encourage even the boldest prophet. There are indications, certainly, that fiction founded on fact will remain a strong card in the producers' packs.

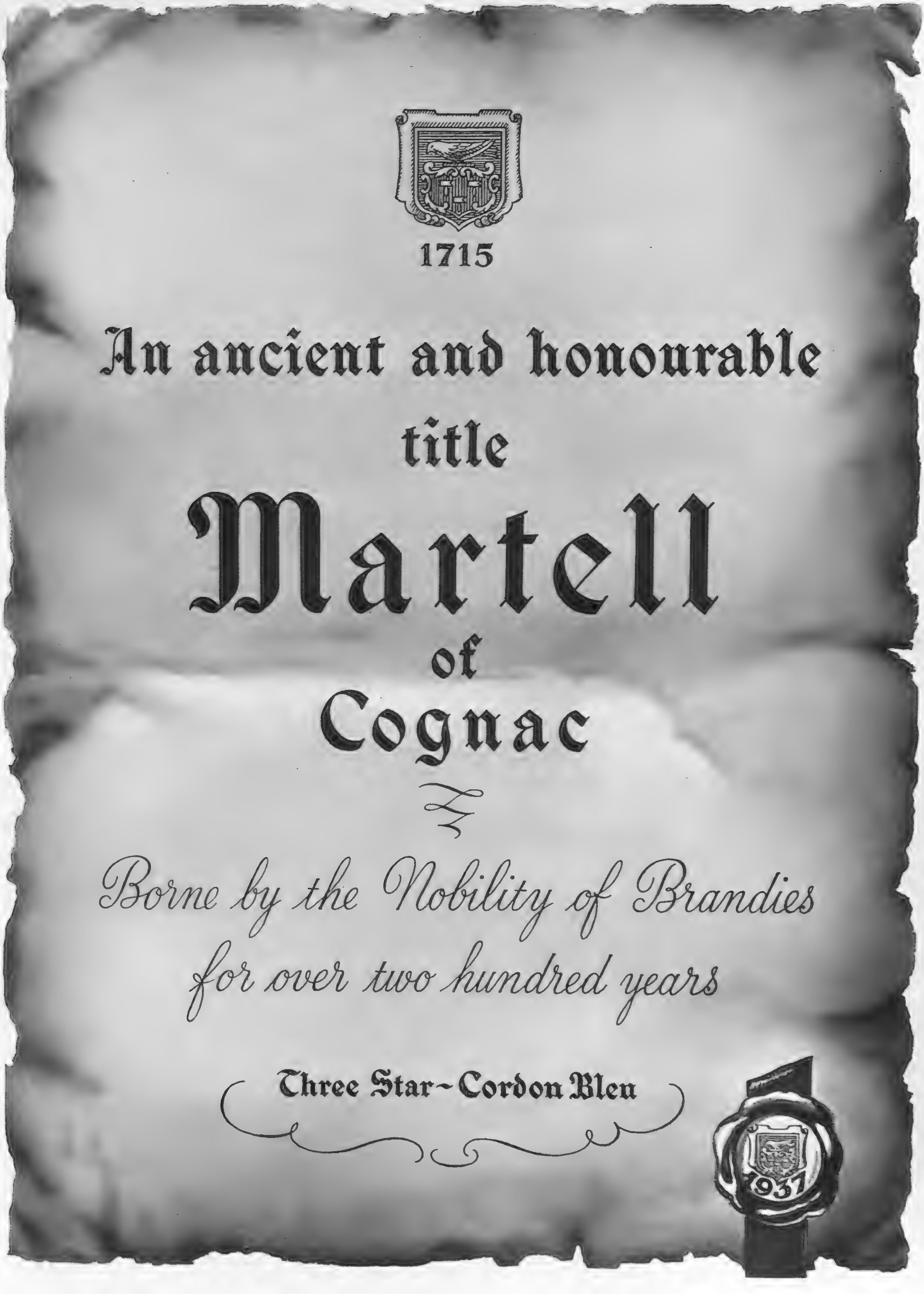
History has proved its value in the field of cinematic entertainment too conclusively to be neglected. No better example of historical romance need be quoted than Erich Pommer's first production in England, made under the banner of Alexander Korda, and directed by William K. Howard—"Fire Over England." Lifted from the pages of A. E. W. Mason, this rousing tale of youthful adventure in the days of the Spanish Armada recaptured the glories of a past era and dealt discreetly with famous figures from history. Yet Flora Robson's splendid study of Queen Elizabeth remained the inspiration and the driving force of a pictorially superb and spacious picture. Moreover, "Fire Over England" was distinguished by writing of a quality all too rare in our films. Shapely, nervous and direct, neither colloquial nor period, Clemence Dane's dialogue lent a strength to the scenario which should set a standard for future productions. Vigorous dialogue is a factor of immense importance in screen-drama and one that we would do well to cultivate, for, frankly, the lack of it has imperilled several otherwise interesting and polished productions from our studios.

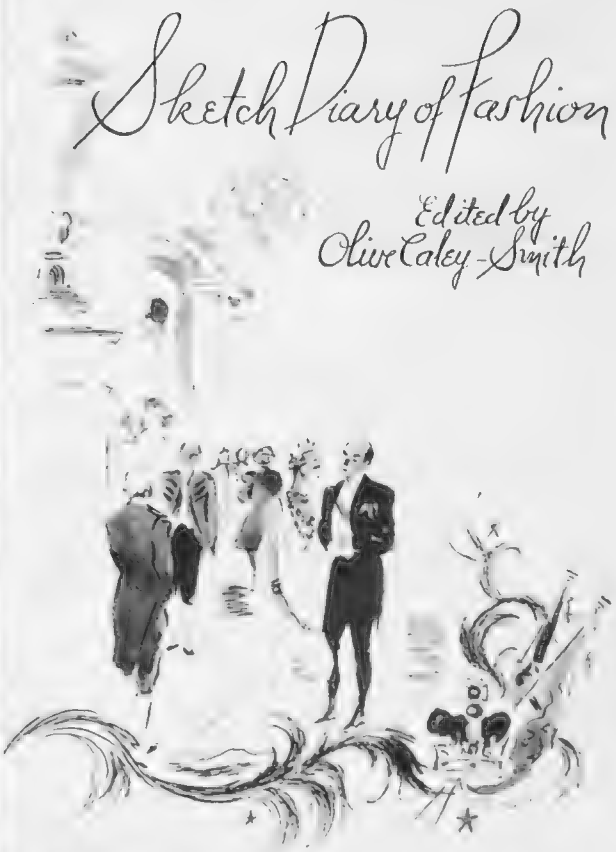
"The Great Barrier," a Gaumont-British picture directed by Milton Rosmer, showed no particular grace of writing, but found ample compensation in its robust action and a rousing story of pioneer hardship and achievement during the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Such a subject, rich in the thrills of a struggle in which men are called upon to pit their puny strength against the formidable obstacles of Nature—rich, too, in the grand scenic opportunities of the Rocky Mountains—is in itself a pointer to the treasures that still lie dormant in the annals of the Empire. Nor is "The Great Barrier" an isolated instance of the larger vision obtaining in our industry. "Elephant Boy," another London Films production, took Robert Flaherty out to India to bring back something of the splendour of the jungle and the monumental patterns of parading or pursued elephants in a fine realisation of Rudyard Kipling's "Toomai of the Elephants," which has introduced to London an unusual star, the small, slim, and irresistibly charming boy, Sabu. Africa has called to Capitol Films, whose desert drama, "Jericho," will shortly be presented. Here again many weeks of preparation in the Egyptian desert vouch for authenticity of background, and a lovely Sudanese "discovery," Princess Kouka, may, like Sabu, run the established stars, Paul Robeson, Henry Wilcoxon, and Wallace Ford, pretty close for histrionic honours.

Returning to the home front, we find both the Army and the Navy starred in British pictures, the former in Raoul Walsh's breezy and entertaining chronicle of military training and active service, "O.H.M.S.", the latter in "Our Fighting Navy," produced and directed by Herbert Wilcox, who handled the picture with panache and invested it with extraordinary interest so long as it remained at sea. One looks forward with eagerness to "Victoria the Great," now in production at Denham. This picture, for which the author, Miles Malleson, has gathered much of his material from the Queen's own diaries, will present Anna Neagle as Victoria and, in its later survey of a long reign, makes use of Technicolor.

Nor will the success of "Lloyd's of London" fail to influence a future choice of subjects, though this romantic chapter from the archives of a great insurance house we owe to Hollywood. The picture, besides being an excellent entertainment, is a handsome tribute to British patriotism, albeit its sponsors have invented an inner history concerning Nelson's victory at Trafalgar that neither you nor I are likely to find outside the cinema. To Hollywood, too, must be accredited an impulse towards films of adult stature, such as that unusually austere picture, "The Good Earth," and the bleak and bitter "Winterset." Capping these two significant works in its masterly combination of philosophy and spectacle, Frank Capra's hauntingly beautiful "Lost Horizon" crowns the early output of this Coronation year with a Utopian dream magnificently expressed in the true terms of the cinema. A very fine film which no one must miss.

And here is FLORENCE DESMOND *in* "WONDERFUL WORLD," *at the Victoria Palace. Having heard about this strip-tease stuff—with a gesture of reckless abandon, she tears off her gloves!*


1715
An ancient and honourable
title
Martell
of
Cognac
Borne by the Nobility of Brandies
for over two hundred years
Three Star—Cordon Bleu
1937



ISOBEL'S wonderful coat of white Arctic foxes, worn over a white satin dress. Collarless and loose, it is so skilfully shaped that it emphasises the slenderness of its wearer, for its lines give height, and its lustre would lend beauty to any woman.

A RUSSIAN ermine cape, exquisitely worked so that it is as supple as silk. Isobel brings to her furs the imagination that makes all her clothes so lovely, and her new salon at 70, Grosvenor Street, London, W., is a treasure-house of charming things.

PETER CLARK.

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10.	Zircon and Diamonds	82 10 0
11.	Emerald and Diamonds	165 0 0
12.	Diamonds	90 0 0
13.	Diamonds	150 0 0
14.	Diamonds	65 0 0
15.	Emerald and Diamonds	105 0 0
16.	Emerald and Diamonds	48 10 0
17.	Sapphire and Diamonds	90 0 0
18.	Diamonds	45 0 0
19.	Sapphire and Diamonds	38 10 0
20.	Diamonds	68 10 0
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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"CORONATION" is a noble word, by grandeur of sound and amplitude of association well fitted to suggest a noble rite. Coronation: it stirs the imagination like a trumpet. Many words lose their quality through constant usage, and become trivial, debased, vulgar. Lover, for instance. It seems the perfect expression of a beautiful idea. Yet it has come to imply, in the ears of most people, an illicit relationship; and one must go back half a century or more before "a lover and his lass" can right themselves in the eyes of society. But "Coronation" keeps all its original lustre; it still shines like the King's head on a penny fresh from the Mint. Yet it has undergone its trials. The name has been coupled with many things and objects much beneath its dignity — we have had Coronation mugs, Coronation biscuits; and in the near future we shall no doubt see other new and ingenious *mésalliances* arranged for this imperial word. Nor, in the past, has the ceremony itself been free from ludicrous or distressing incidents. Dr. Jocelyn Perkins's Handbook to the Coronation, "The Crowning of the Sovereign," relates a number of them. The Coronation of Richard Cœur-de-Lion was celebrated by "a sacrifice of Jews to their father the Devil." Beginning, strangely enough, in the City of London, the "holocaust" was so thoroughgoing it "could hardly be accomplished on the ensuing day."

King John turned his Coronation into a farce—

> He declined to partake of the Blessed Sacrament, hurrying away from the church with all the speed he could command, while during the ceremony he was observed to be shaking with laughter from head to foot.

At the Coronation of King Edward II., the King's favourite, Piers Gaveston, was not only given "Saint Edward's crown to carry," but he outshone all others present in "bravery of apparell" and "delecacie of fashion." This produced a very bad impression. On the other hand, when Richard III. was crowned, his bodyguard "of five hundred gentlemen of the north" were described as being "evil apparelled and worse harnessed, which when mustered were the contempt of the beholders." Every kind of unlucky omen attended the Coronation of Charles I., and also that of James II. The Crown could not be made to stand firm on the latter's head. Mary of Modena remarked, "it appeared always on the point of falling, and it required some care to hold it steady: there was a presage that struck us and everyone who observed it." Sceptics may argue that these portents existed only in the imagination of annalists wise after the event. Certainly nothing untoward was observed to occur at the Coronation of Charles II.; if Clarendon is to be believed, it was performed "with the greatest solemnity and glory that ever any have been seen in the Kingdom." (I read in Mr. Noppen's book that even here there was a hitch—

> The King's footmen, most outrageously, laid claim to the canopy which had been carried by the Barons of the Cinque Ports. A free fight ensued, and, as the footmen were the more numerous, they might well have won, but for the intervention of the King in favour of the rightful claimants.)

But it must be admitted in favour of the honesty of the augurers, though not of their powers of prophecy, that the glorious reign of Queen Elizabeth is stated to have had a most inauspicious opening—

> The Oil was "grease and smelt ill," and worse still, only one out of the whole bench of Bishops was willing to assume the responsibility of Sacring the daughter of Anne Boleyn.

Photographed in her Coronation gown and coat, H.H. THE SULTANA OF JOHORE *is a magnificent figure. Her Reville gown was of gold lamé, and, with it, she wore wonderful jewels, including the family Orders, with the Ribbon, and Crown Jewels of Johore. Her gold coat has a collar of fine Russian sable. Before her marriage in 1930 to his Highness the Sultan of Johore, she was Mrs. Helen Wilson.*

An Inadequate Expression?

But in spite of the mishaps which the Coronation, like other human institutions, has suffered through the ages, the word itself retains its ancient glory, its power to symbolise, in a few syllables, all that sovereignty can mean at the supreme moment when, like a phœnix, it rises from its ashes and renews its strength. Not only retains, but has increased; for surely never had the word such magical properties as it bears to-day. Judge, then, my disappointment at reading Dr. Perkins's unqualified and, alas! too convincing condemnation of it—

> The expression "the Coronation" has for generations past become firmly embedded alike in our speech and in our national consciousness, but it is absolutely inadequate. The act of Crowning is but one (and not the most important) out of a large number of highly symbolical ceremonies. It does not even begin to serve as a comprehensive title for one of the most elaborate rites in the whole world. . . . From the tenth century onwards it is described in the various Orders as the "Consecration of the King" and, though the hope can only be a counsel of perfection, it would be a real gain if this expression, "the Sacring," were to become fully established in our own common parlance.

Personally, I do not think it would be a gain to substitute for Coronation a word that few of us know and still fewer can pronounce. But that is a small point. For a remarkably clear exposition of that "large number of highly symbolical ceremonies" one cannot do better than turn to Dr. Perkins's learned and authoritative, but simple and popular, treatise.

Westminster Abbey—"A Royal Gift." The same author has also put the public in his debt with a book on Westminster Abbey, "the Empire's Crown." It was not his intention to write a guide-book, though, incidentally, he has done so; his object was to—

[*Continued overleaf.*

Continued.]
indicate the significance of the Abbey in our national life, and the varied character of the contribution it has been making to the life of Church and Realm and Empire ever since the closing years of the Anglo-Saxon Monarchy.

Everyone knows that Westminster Abbey is a national shrine; kings, statesmen, soldiers, poets have been buried there: no single church in any country can boast such a garnering of illustrious ashes. But perhaps not everyone realises how intimately the fabric of the Abbey has been connected with the Kings and Queens of England, not only at their death, but in their lifetime. It has been "from first to last a royal gift." Chief among its benefactors were Edward the Confessor, Henry III., and Queen Elizabeth. Edward the Confessor founded—or refounded—the monastery on the Isle of Thorns, in obedience to the command of St. Peter. Later he was almost to supplant the Apostle as its patron Saint. St. Edward was a man of Norman upbringing, with Norman ideas: he gave to the architecture of the Abbey the peculiarly French cast that, though scarcely a fragment of the Norman church remains, it bears to this day. Henry III., too, was in close touch with France. A man of wild extravagance, "he seized money here and there and everywhere, without distinction of class, or rank, or occasion, and resorted to all manner of devices, not excluding the pawnbroker," and poured it out on the Abbey. Edward IV.'s generosity was prompted by the kindness of the monastery to his wife, Elizabeth Woodville; it gave her sanctuary during the Wars of the Roses, and there Edward V. was born, "like any poure man's son." Henry VII.'s Chapel sufficiently commemorates the benefactions of the monarch from whom it takes its name; and Elizabeth finally preserved Westminster from the fate of other abbeys after the Dissolution, when she made it the collegiate church of her new foundation, Westminster School.

The whole Empire—and much of the rest of the world—listened to the National Anthem when it was relayed from the Opera House, Covent Garden, on Coronation night, after his Majesty's speech. It was sung by MISS EVA TURNER, *Britain's greatest soprano, and the fine company of 300 British and foreign singers of the Covent Garden Coronation season took it up. Then the audience joined in—nearly two thousand people—all singing to the accompaniment of the London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham.*

Throughout its history, building languished when royal favour was not forthcoming. The new nave, which replaced Edward the Confessor's Norman one, took in all a hundred and fifty years to build; it was not completed until the beginning of the sixteenth century. Apart from its beauty, it is an architectural *tour de force*; an Early English structure put up in the Perpendicular era to harmonise with Henry III.'s choir. It is a pity that time or money, or both, gave out before the western towers could be finished. Wren and his pupil Hawksmoor did not display the same respect for the past as did their mediæval predecessors; the present towers are a sad jumble of Renaissance and Gothic. Internally one of the most beautiful of English churches, externally Westminster Abbey is one of the least satisfying. The springing lines and soaring pinnacles of the flying buttresses are frustrated by the long, dull line of horizontal roof and by the tame, tired towers which have no infusion of their glorious energy.

Westminster and the Coronation.

"Royal Westminster and the Coronation" covers much the same ground as the two foregoing books; that is to say, it traces the development of the various ceremonies connected with the Coronation, always with special reference to the Church associated with them. "We find religious feeling, political instinct, royal favour, and the veneration of a national saint combining their influence to make Westminster the royal centre of a Kingdom and an Empire." So writes the Duke of Norfolk, in a preface as concise and clearly worded as the book that follows it. Mr. Noppen has achieved a remarkable feat of condensation and arrangement, and has, moreover, assisted the mind's eye with a large number of most beautiful photographs and reproductions of prints. One cannot help feeling sorry that certain features have now been dropped from the Coronation ceremonial. The appearance of the King's Champion, for instance, at the banquet that used to follow the crowning. After the first course, "a long and cheerful flourish of trumpets" sounded at the north end of Westminster Hall. "The gates are opened wide and the King's Champion, clad in full armour, and wearing a splendid plume of ostrich feathers, rides into the Hall," accompanied by a numerous and picturesque retinue, including the Earl Marshal and the Lord High Constable, both, like himself, on horseback. Then followed the challenge; through his herald the Champion announced that anyone who denied the new King's title "lieth and is a false traitor," and that he, the Champion, "is ready in person to combat with him." The Champion throws down his glove; the challenge is twice repeated; the King drinks the Champion's health and gives him the gold cup to keep. We do not hear that the challenge was ever taken up; but circumstances have occasionally proved the Champion's undoing, as when his horse, carefully trained to back out of the royal presence, insisted on backing into it. Another rite which has fallen into desuetude, perhaps to the relief of the candidate for coronation, is the ceremonial ablution—

> There came to the chamber the archbishop, bishops, abbots and clerks with torches, censers and holy water. . . . The King was then bathed, and I believe that the bath was a semi-public ceremony. . . . *Liber Regalis* says: "This [the bathing and clothing] is to be observed in every way, that, as the prince's body glistens by the actual washing and the beauty of the vestments, so his soul may shine by true and previous confession and penitence." Clearly the bath was of deep significance. After it was over, the King was "clothed with spotless apparel and shod only in socks," and set upon a high seat covered with golden cloths.

A chilly ordeal, yet how the picture of it kindles the imagination and warms the heart! Mr. Noppen's book, the work of an historian rather than a romantic, is yet particularly rich in a sense of continuity with the past. These ancient ceremonials symbolise a spirit that is ageless, but whose power is never so apparent as when a King is crowned. [*Continued on page* LIV.

MR. HOWARD MARSHALL *was one of the B.B.C. commentators on the Coronation service in the Abbey. Stationed in the Triforium, he pictured the procession from St. Edward's Chapel to the West Door, explaining the way in which the return procession was re-formed. Then, with Mr. Michael Standing and Mr. George Blake, he gave a description of the final scene in the Abbey and the Annexe. On the route there were seven commentators altogether at various points.*—[PHOTOGRAPH BY HOWARD COSTER.]

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THE FIRST JIG-SAW PUZZLE?

On this page we reproduce what must have been one of the first of JIG-SAW PUZZLES, and a highly instructive one, too, for it bears representations of the Kings of England, from William the Conqueror to George IV. It dates from the early nineteenth century, some time between 1820 and 1830, and was issued with a "potted" history of English Kings in verse, which is reprinted on another page of this issue.

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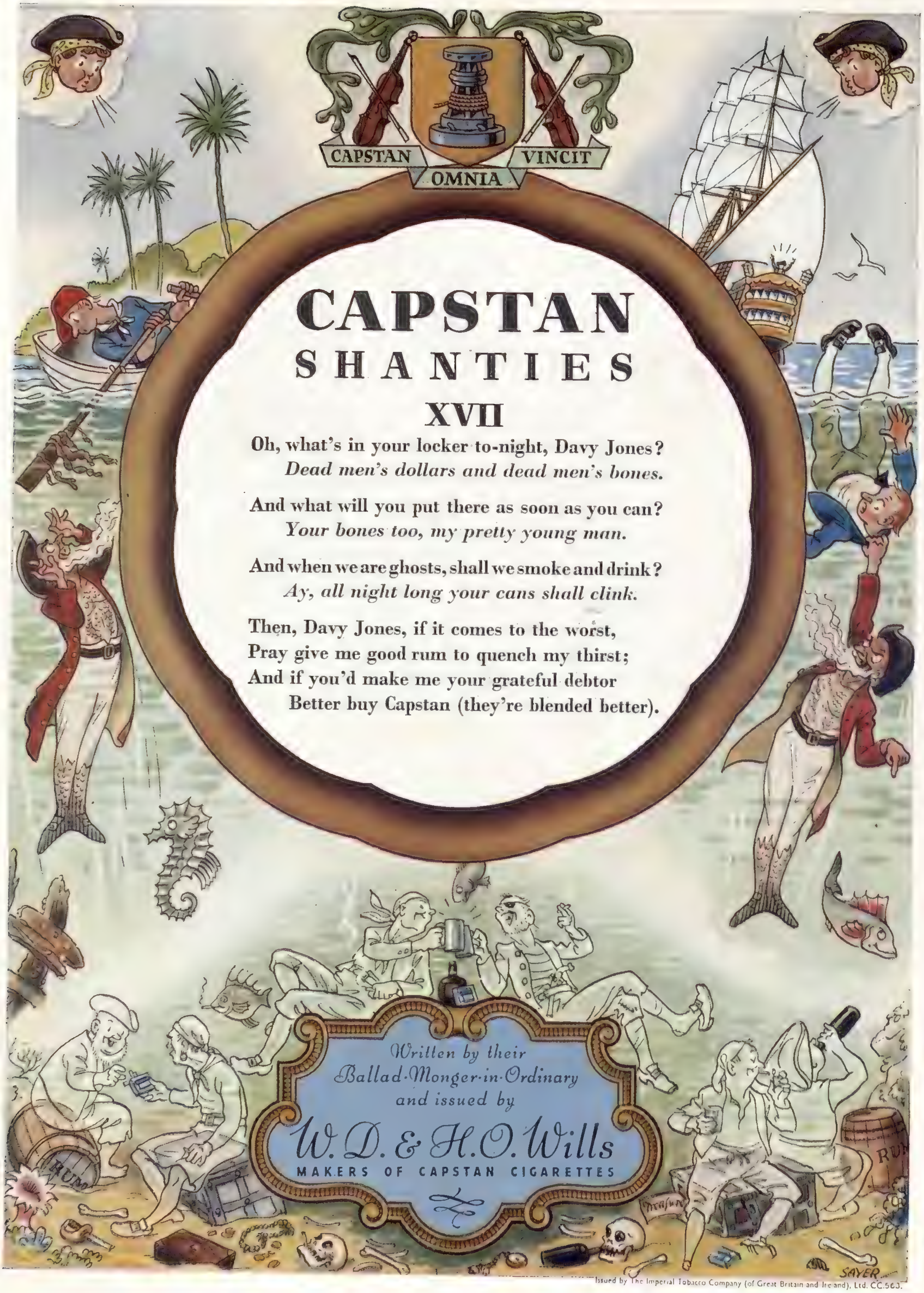

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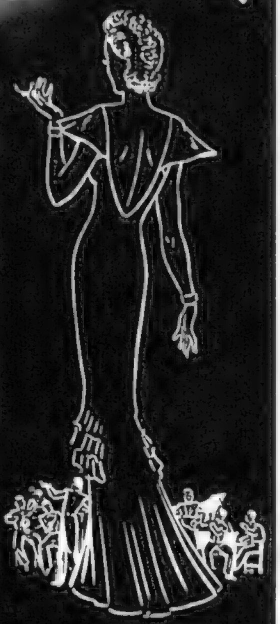

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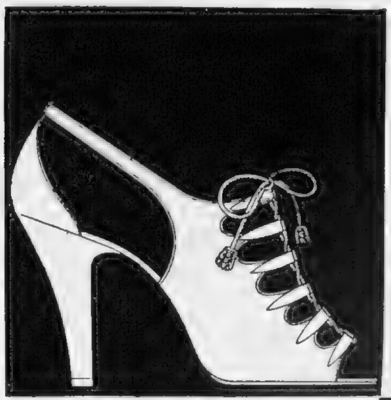

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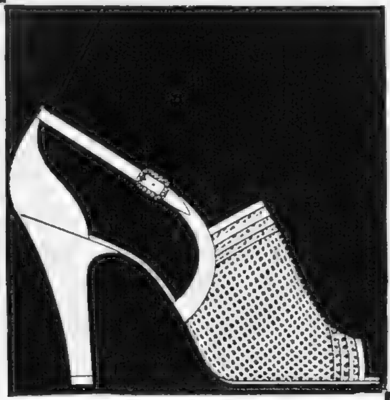

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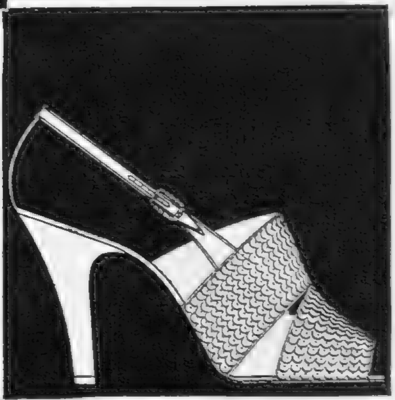

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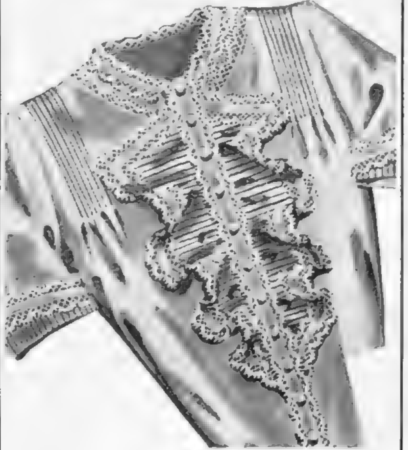

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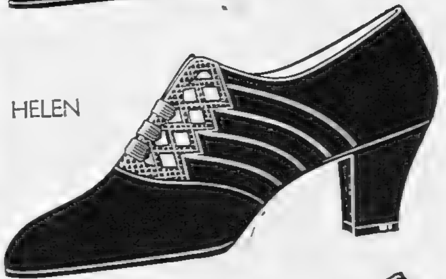

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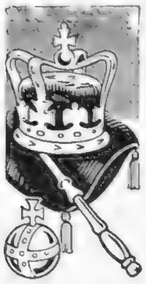

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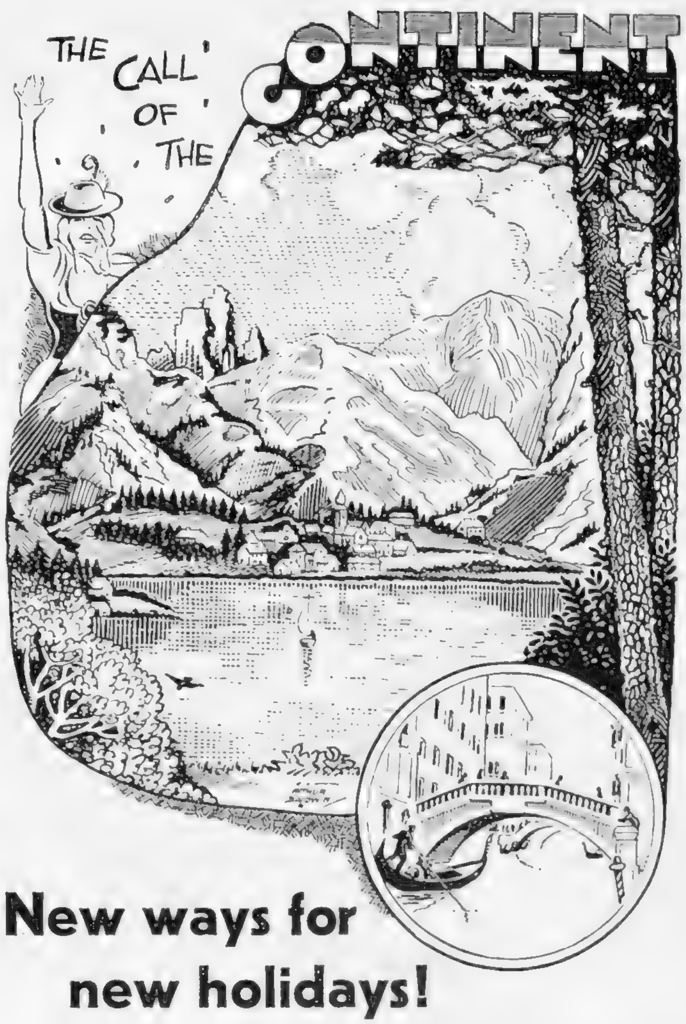

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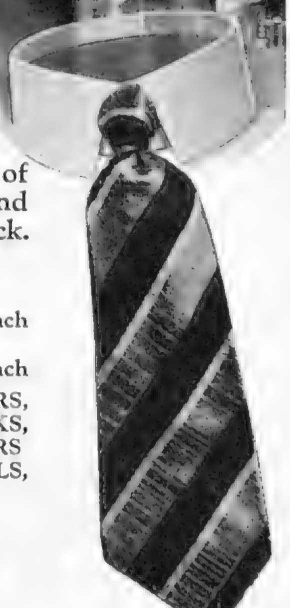

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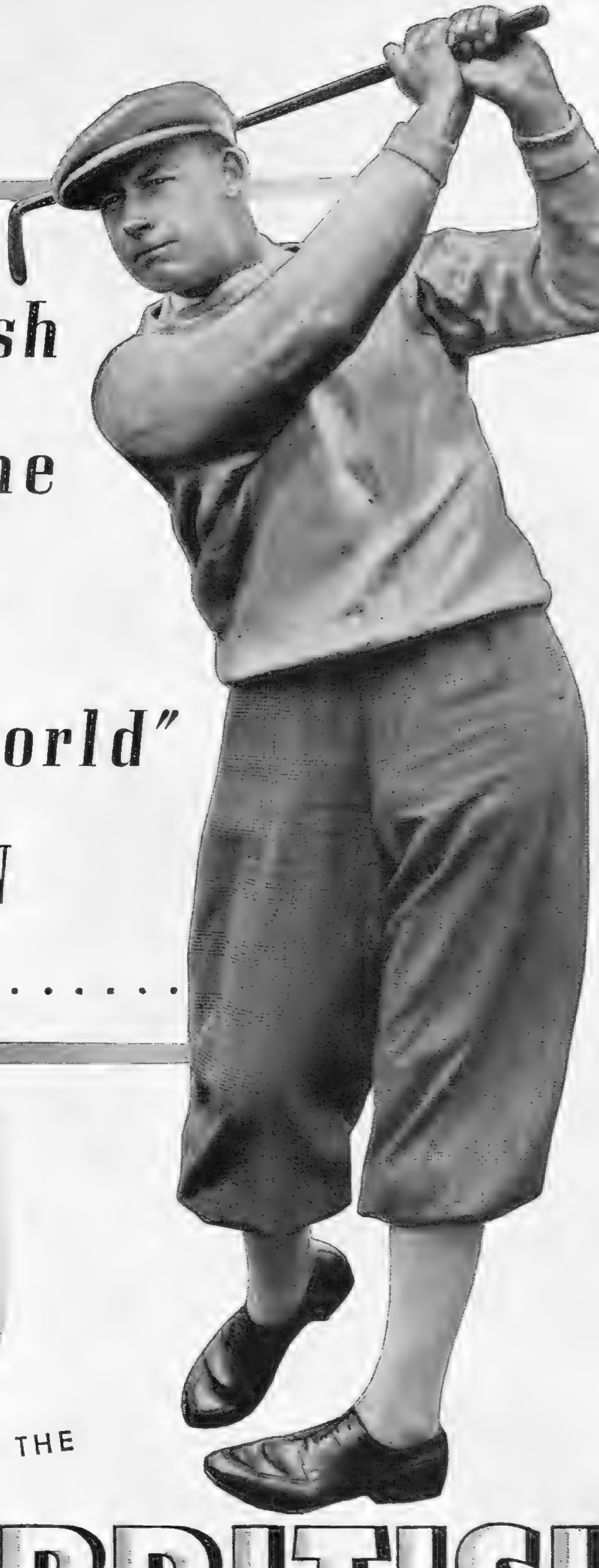

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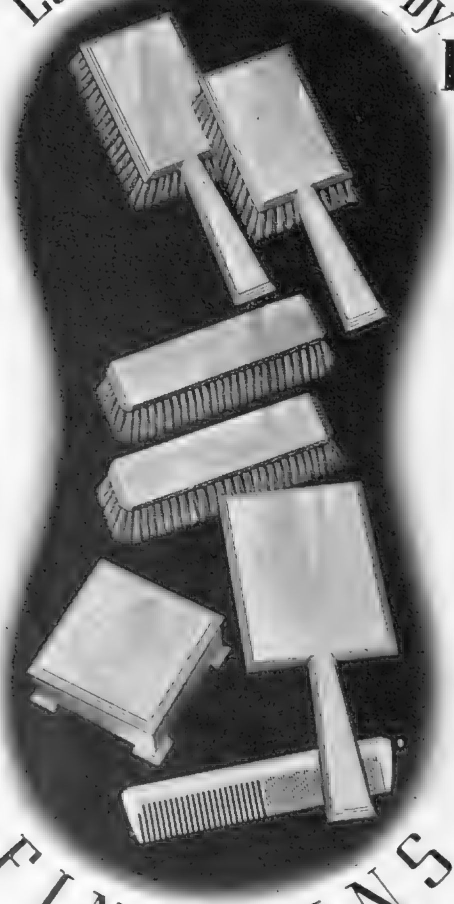

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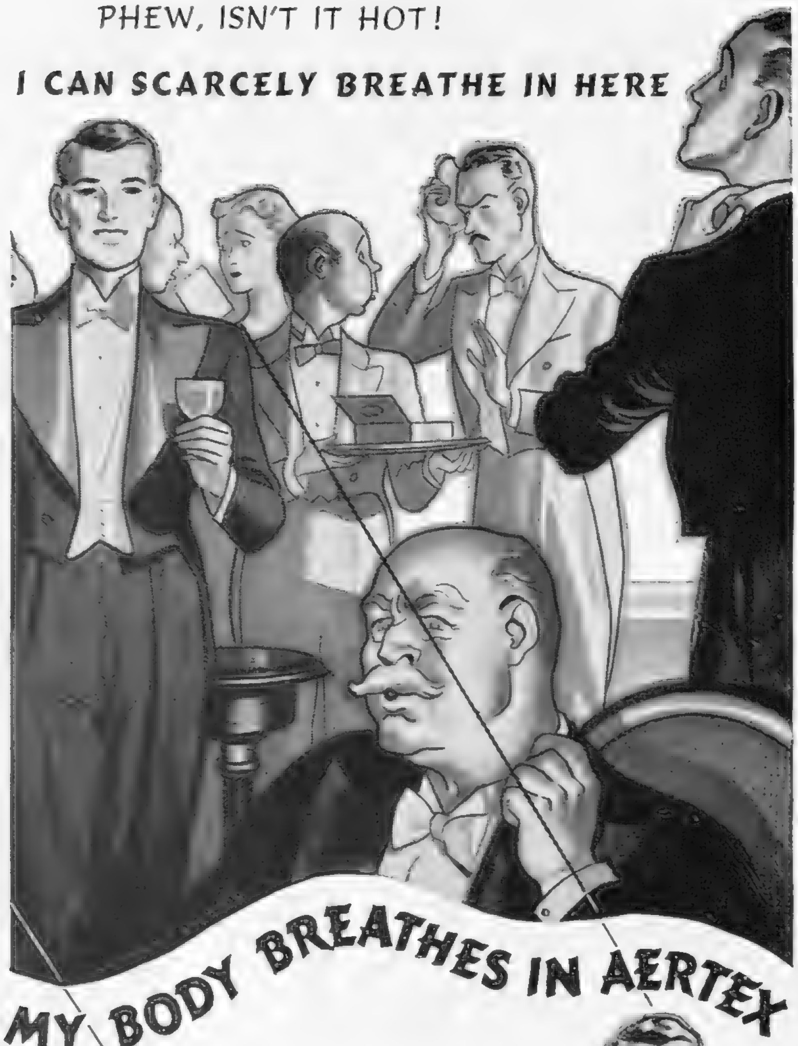

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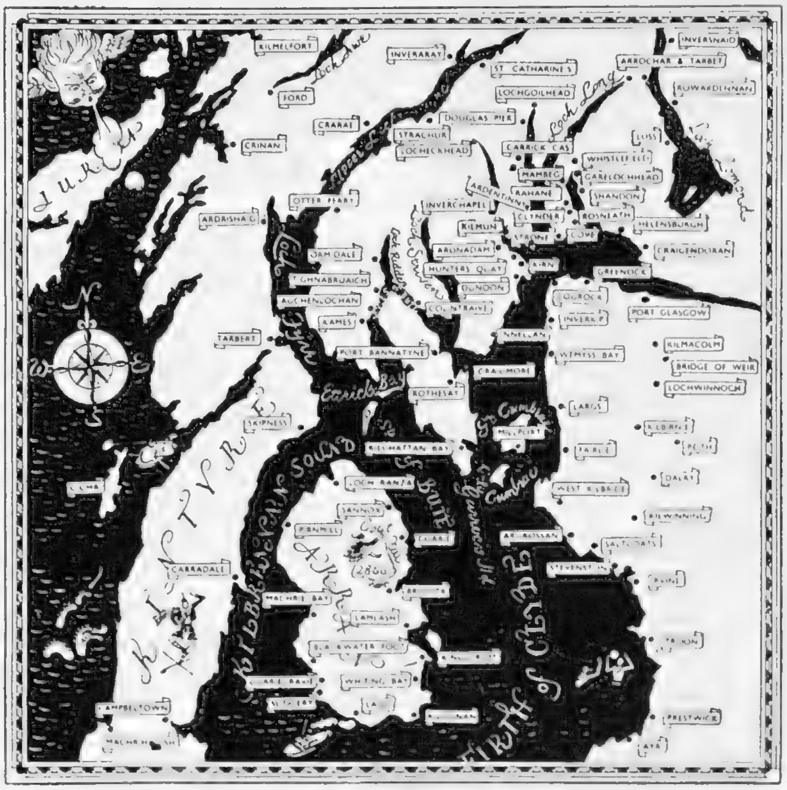

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A NEW REIGN
-with your help

The Church Army unites with the "Sketch" and its readers in loyal greetings to Their Majesties, whose lives are dedicated to the service of the people. In humbler measure, the Church Army serves the people too. What better way to mark this great occasion than by a kindly act through the Church Army? The poor family for whom you provide a holiday would never forget it. £5 would send one poor family to the sea for a fortnight. Please send your gift to PREBENDARY CARLILE, C.H., D.D., 55 Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

THE CHURCH ARMY

CHARITY CALLING IN CORONATION YEAR!

IT is fitting that at this time of national rejoicing the British Sailors Society, of which King George VI. is patron, should embark on a forward movement, its goal being the completion of the headquarters building. The Sailors' Palace, situated in the heart of Sailordom, in the East End of London, was built in 1903, but the original plans were never completed, owing to lack of space. This great venture has had many royal gifts, and on a certain memorable occasion the late King George V. and Queen Mary (then Prince and Princess of Wales) opened the Sailors' Palace. Since that day it has been the home of many thousands of sailors and has become known all over the world as a centre in their lives. But to-day, under modern conditions, the building is cramped and inadequate. The Society must expand, and it needs £20,000 to build the extension planned on a

An illustration of the work of the LONDON ASSOCIATION FOR THE BLIND. *A sightless man making knobs for knitting needles.*

freehold site. "Brick Books" containing twenty shilling "bricks" have been prepared as a means of helping to collect this sum. Write to Herbert E. Barker, Esq., General Secretary, British Sailors Society H.Q., 680, Commercial Road, E.14, and ask for one.

In the midst of the happiness which Coronation year brings, do not let us forget to spare a thought for the poor, and for the sick poor. Beyond the northern fringes of Central London stands the Royal Northern Hospital. It is situated amid mean streets and serves the needs of a million men and women, who inhabit an area of some seventy square miles. The Royal Northern Hospital needs £350,000 for re-equipment, maintenance, the re-opening of forty-three beds now closed, and for a thousand daily wants. No sum is too large or too small to help the needs this hospital must meet and go on meeting as long as human beings continue to suffer from mental and bodily ills. If you would like further details of the hospital's requirements, write for the illustrated Appeal Booklet to the Secretary, Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway, N.7; study it, and send your gift.

BRITISH EMPIRE CANCER CAMPAIGN

Patron: H.M. THE KING.

The Rt. Hon. LORD WARDINGTON, speaking at the Annual General Meeting, said:

"Intending donors who wish to assist a large number of Institutions and individuals engaged in fighting cancer could not do better than send their gifts to this Campaign. A glance at the schedule of grants made last year will indicate how numerous are the research centres we finance."

DONATIONS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED TO CARRY ON THIS WAR AGAINST CANCER.

Please send a Donation to the Hon. Treasurer:

BRITISH EMPIRE CANCER CAMPAIGN, 12, GROSVENOR CRESCENT, LONDON, S.W.1

During the past seventy-five years the Royal Surgical Aid Society has provided well over a million patients with urgently-needed surgical appliances. For thirty-five years it has enjoyed royal patronage, and in this Coronation year nothing could more fittingly mark its vital and effective service than an extension of the work at present being done.

In the ordinary way a patient must first obtain a surgeon's certificate and then collect from subscribers to the Society's funds a specified number of "letters" of recommendation (an annual subscription of half a guinea or a life subscription of £5 5s. entitles the subscriber to two recommendations per annum), but to mark this Coronation year the committee are prepared to issue double the usual number of recommendations in respect of all special *Coronation Donations* during the month of May. This naturally means a corresponding increase in the number of those whom the Society can help. One of the points of the work of this Society is that it not only relieves suffering, but enables people who would otherwise be permanently handicapped to lead normal and useful lives. The Society's head office is in Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, E.C.4, and donations should be sent there, so that no single genuine case need be refused this Coronation year.

Just now we are thinking of our great Empire, on which the sun never sets. Let us also consider the great British Empire Cancer Campaign, for the sun never sets upon the battle which it is waging against cancer. In the Campaign's new branches in the Homeland, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, the struggle for victory over this dreadful disease is going on unceasingly. The Hon. Secretary in charge of the "war chest," which has become sadly depleted, is anxious to replenish it this Coronation year. Send your gift, either large or small, to him at 12, Grosvenor Crescent, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.1.

Members of the largest family in the world—two of the BARNARDO CHILDREN.

The Crown Jewels are much in mind just now—those treasures which are beyond price. But the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society can boast that it cares for treasures of a very different kind—treasures as valuable, though they are forgotten

[Continued overleaf.

DR BARNARDO'S HOMES

Wouldn't you like to celebrate the CORONATION

10/- feeds one child for a fortnight.
£5 feeds twenty children for a week.
£35 supports one child for a year.
£100 rescues and maintains three children for a year.

by lending a helping hand to the Barnardo family of **8,200** boys and girls? Your CORONATION GIFT might help a destitute child to a successful career.

Cheques, etc., should be crossed, made payable to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and forwarded to 394 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

Imperial Cancer Research Fund

Patron—HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING.
President—THE RT. HON. VISCOUNT HALIFAX, K.G., P.C.
Chairman of the Executive Committee—SIR HUMPHRY ROLLESTON, BT., G.C.V.O., K.C.B.
Hon. Treasurer—SIR HOLBURT WARING, BT., C.B.E., F.R.C.S.

Founded in 1902, under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England as a centre for research and information on Cancer, the Imperial Cancer Research Fund is working unceasingly on the systematic investigation of the disease in man and animals. The work of this Fund and of other great centres of research has increased our knowledge of the origin and nature of cancer and has so altered our outlook that the disease is now curable in increasing numbers.

But our present accommodation is too limited and **we are now building new modern laboratories** to extend the scope of our investigations. The income from investments and the Endowment Fund is insufficient to cover the total annual expenditure, and help is urgently needed to meet the heavy additional cost of expansion.

Donations, Subscriptions and Legacies are earnestly solicited and should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, 8-11, Queen Square, London, W.C.1.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby bequeath the sum of £ to the Treasurer of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, 8-11, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.1, for the purpose of Scientific Research and I direct that his receipt shall be a good discharge for such legacy.

The General Hospital serving a Million Poor

OWING to shortage of funds 43 beds have already been closed. And now money is badly needed not only to pay off debts, but to provide an up-to-date Out-Patients' Department, to enlarge the Nurses' Home, to re-equip wards and for many other purposes. The pennies and shillings of the poor are unfortunately not enough to keep the Royal Northern going. Will YOU please help during Coronation year by sending a Commemoration gift to the Treasurer?

ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL

HOLLOWAY, LONDON, N.7

A Crowning Charity
MAKE A
CORONATION OFFERING

JOHN GROOM'S Crippleage and Flower Girls' Mission was founded over 70 years ago by the Great Earl of Shaftesbury and John A. Groom to help crippled girls to become partially self-supporting by training them to make artificial flowers, of all kinds. The cost of maintenance and training is heavy and is dependent upon VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS. Funds are *urgently* needed NOW. LEGACIES are a Godsend.

There is always a long waiting list of deserving cases. Must we, through lack of funds, turn a deaf ear to their appeal.

View of one of the workrooms

JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE
AND FLOWER GIRLS' MISSION (Inc.)

Please send a contribution—now. If preferred, come to the Crippleage at Edgware (any day except Saturday) and see the fascinating work—or write for a copy of latest report to:—JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE, 37, Sekforde Street, Clerkenwell, London, E.C.1

The future of these little ones depends on you
THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES &
"ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP
maintain 1,100 poor boys and girls. Please rally round and help to maintain this large family
DONATIONS AND LEGACIES URGENTLY NEEDED
164 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

In commemoration
of the Coronation
and to mark the
75th year of its work

The Royal Surgical Aid Society has decided to issue double the usual number of "Letters" in respect of all special "CORONATION DONATIONS" received during May, thus enabling donors to double the benefits they confer. Will you please send a cheque, specially designated as a Coronation Donation, to the Secretary?

ROYAL SURGICAL AID SOCIETY
Patron: His Majesty the King
Head Office: SALISBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4

H.M. King George VI said:
— WHEN H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK

"The Society touches the Sailor at every point of his life. It trains him, houses him, gives him recreation, tends him in old age, and helps his dependents. It labours ceaselessly and devotedly for all that magnificent body of men upon whom the prosperity of the British Empire so largely depends."

Please Help THE BRITISH
SAILORS' SOCIETY
Your gift will be welcomed by The Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Sykes, Hon. Treasurer, 680, Commercial Road, London, E.14.
Herbert E. Barker, General Secretary.

Continued.]
and neglected—the needy children of the nation. Every child saved from waste and ruin and brought up to be a useful citizen is a jewel of worth. The Waifs and Strays Society is now actually caring for over 4600 children, from tiny babies to boys and girls being trained in various trades and professions. Some hundreds of these children are cripples who need special care. Their Majesties the King and Queen and H.M. Queen Mary are patrons of the Society, whose headquarters are the Old Town Hall, Kennington, S.E.11. When the King paid his recent visit to Kennington he stopped his car and got out to see some hundreds of the children, who had been gathered from homes round London to greet their royal patron. His Majesty sent a message that he was pleased to see the children and much appreciated the welcome he received.

A scene in the FLOWER-MAKING ROOMS OF THE JOHN GROOM CRIPPLEAGE

We are all celebrating the Coronation in different ways, but there is one method of doing so which should appeal to every man or woman, and that is by sending a Coronation gift to help the 8200 destitute children in Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Their Majesties the King and Queen are patrons of this great national charity which in some seventy years, has rescued and placed on the road to a useful career more than 120,000 destitute boys and girls. Gifts of 10s. towards the children's bread and butter, or larger sums to help this splendid charity, will be gratefully received at 394, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, E.1.

The Church Army unites with all readers in loyal greetings to T.M. King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth. Every Church Army worker realises the solicitous care of the royal house for the poorest people of the nation, and the personal interest which every member of our Royal Family takes in work to ensure the well-being of the sick, the distressed, and the helpless, such as that carried on by the Church Army. Prebendary Carlile, founder and Hon. Chief Secretary of the Church Army, who recently celebrated his ninetieth birthday and is still in active control of affairs, is anxious at this time of rejoicing that an extra effort should be made to give the many needy and suffering a new reign of happiness. He will gladly welcome gifts for this purpose addressed to him at H.Q., 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

The Silver Lady Fund is one of the appeals which cannot be neglected in Coronation season when we fortunate ones have so many merry parties and delightful gatherings to attend. Some years have elapsed since Miss Betty Baxter, or the Silver Lady, began her campaign of mitigating the hard lot of London's "down-and-outs." She began by driving nightly to Charing Cross and rounding-up the "dossers" to come as her guests to the nearest coffee-stall. Now the number of her protégés has grown so large that when her mobile coffee-stall draws up at the Admiralty Arch at midnight, a crowd of between six and seven hundred of London's homeless and hopeless awaits its coming. All who will help the fund for this splendid work should send a gift to Miss Betty Baxter at 6, Tudor Street, E.C.4. Over 77,000 free meals and 26,000 bed-and-breakfast tickets were given last year.

The crusade against cancer is one of the great modern activities. Lord Granard and Field-Marshal Lord Milne, when appealing for help for the Royal Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, S.W.3, point out that the three main tasks to be faced are the cure and alleviation of cancer where it is not too far advanced; the care of those in whom the disease is incurable; and research for the discovery of its cause and cure. These are tasks which call for a large income, and it is a cause which we must all support.

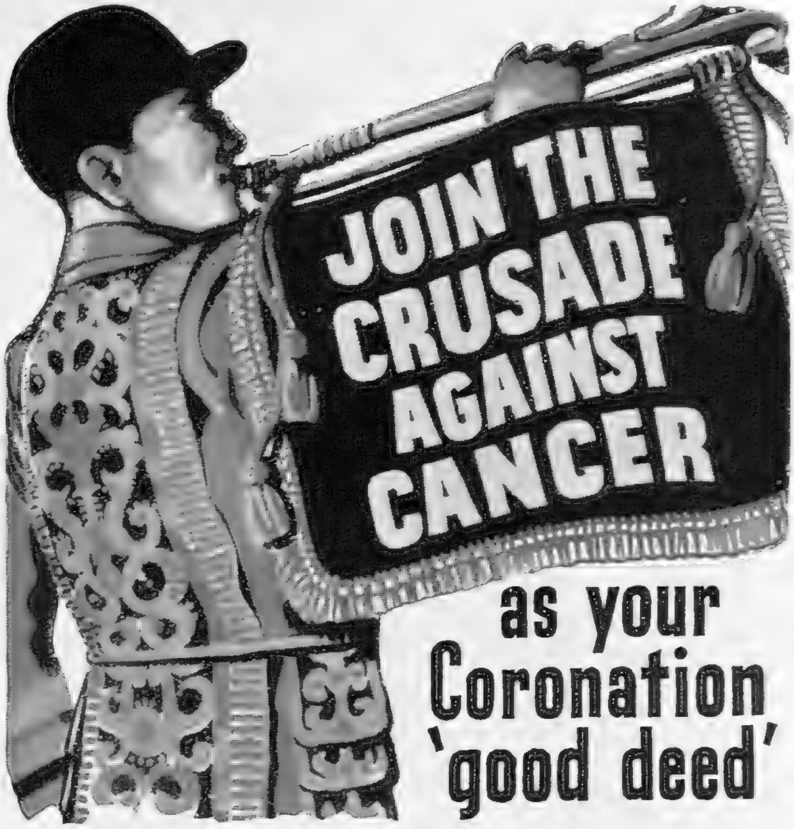
Everyone will see the Coronation Procession—either in actuality or on the news-reel in his favourite picture-house—everyone, at least, who has eyes with which he can see. There are many who cannot, and it is to give them a life with some measure of happiness and independence that the London Association for the Blind works so strenuously. Its policy is to teach blind persons to become, as far as possible, self-supporting members of society rather than that they should be dependent solely upon charity. They become expert at making knitwear, at tile-making, and in the basket workshops and the knitting-pin factory. The Association was founded in 1857 and the important dates in its history include 1912, when the first flat machines were installed, thus enabling workers to specialise on high-class knitwear so that they could earn a reasonable wage; 1924, when the Association became the first, and has remained the only, society to train blind men to work behind power-driven machinery. The knitting-needle factory at Peckham has been so successful that the work can command in the open market a higher price than any other brand. The advance in this work is prevented solely by lack of room. Funds are needed for extension. Donations will be gratefully acknowledged by the Hon. Treasurer at Rosedale House, Warwick Street, S.W.1.

John Groom's Crippleage and Flower Girls' Mission is one of the charities which well deserves your support. The work is fourfold, as it consists of a training home for 300 crippled girls, an orphanage for 200 girls, a holiday home for crippled girls, and evangelistic and philanthropic work in South-East and East-Central London. The past year has in many ways been a testing time for the Crippleage, as it is the first complete year during which the new methods of production in the Industrial Training Branch have been in operation. The year's figures make an encouraging showing, and the cost of the department has been reduced, but there is still a long way to go before the Industrial Department can be in any way self-supporting. The number of girls in the Home came up to 320 last year, the highest in the history of the Society, but there is still a long waiting list. Funds are needed. Donations should be sent to the Secretary, John Groom's Crippleage, 37, Sekforde Street, E.C.1.

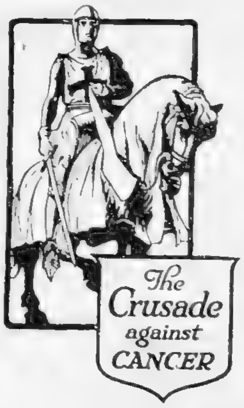
The Imperial Cancer Research Fund which was founded in 1902 under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London

These smiling children owe their happiness to the WAIFS AND STRAYS SOCIETY.

and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, as a centre for research and information on cancer, is working unceasingly on the investigation of the disease. The work has already increased our knowledge of the origin and nature of cancer, and has so altered the medical outlook that the disease is now, in increasing numbers of cases, curable. More money is needed for the new modern laboratories to extend the scope of our investigations, and donations and subscriptions should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, 8-11, Queen Square, W.C.



In the Fulham Road, amidst the ceaseless buzz of London Traffic, stands The Royal Cancer Hospital—headquarters of the Crusade against Cancer. Here, at the very heart of the Empire, Doctors, Nurses and Scientists are fighting ceaselessly day and night the "Unknown Terror" that takes toll of 60,000 lives every year in Great Britain alone. But, more pounds, shillings and pence — important weapons in



this present-day crusade—are urgently needed if still further progress is to be made. You can join the crusade either by making an annual subscription of one guinea (which entitles you to become a governor of The Royal Cancer Hospital) or by sending a donation of any other amount to the Treasurer.

The Royal Cancer Hospital

(FREE)

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

In the glamour of the Orient, on the sun-kissed shores of the Mediterranean the material for the creation of perfumes is found. Of a wide variety of musk, of amber, of civet, of sweet-scented flowers, of fragrant leaves and roots, of rich spices and rare woods, the perfumer must know how to select the best and choicest specimens. He must know how to extract and fix the sweet-smelling scents secreted in all these, how to compose them — as a piece of music — into a harmonious ensemble free from the faintest note of discord. What a wealth of patience, of tireless experimenting — often a matter of years — is needed to decide upon a really new and novel perfume, few can realise!

Such is the difficult art of the perfumer

And profiting as much by the discoveries of modern science as by respecting tradition — which dates back as far as 1775 — HOUBIGANT is a true Master of the Art.

The latest creations "DEMI-JOUR", "FLORAISON", "PRÉSENCE" — each composed on an entirely different theme and each lastingly fragrant — give perfect and poetical expression to the highest standard of French quality.

Houbigant

Made exclusively in Paris

THE FIRST JIG-SAW PUZZLE?

BEING A "CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND SINCE THE CONQUEST."

These rather artless historical rhymes were published with the early, if not the FIRST, JIG-SAW PUZZLE, which we reproduce on page 386. It is instructive to note the strong Protestant bias which runs through the amusing series of historical doggerel written in the early part of the nineteenth century.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.—NORMAN LINE.
A spurious branch of Rollo's race,
From Norman's Duke to England's King we trace;
He conquer'd Saxon Harold, seiz'd the throne—
Was brave, but proud, and partial to his own.
Born 1026—Ascended 1066—Reigned 21 years—Died 1087.

WILLIAM II.—NORMAN LINE, RUFUS.
William the Second won but little fame,
He built that Hall, which Westminster we name;
Was valiant, rash, intemperate, and vain,
And was, by Tyrrell, in New Forest slain.
Born 1056—Ascended 1087—Reigned 13 years—Died 1100.

HENRY I.—NORMAN LINE.
Learn'd and polite, the Conqueror's youngest Son,
By wisdom kept the Crown his wiles had won;
Brave, handsome, sober, to his subjects kind,
Yet faithless, covetous, but to lust inclin'd.
Born 1068—Ascended 1100—Reigned 35 years—Died 1135.

STEPHEN.—NORMAN LINE.
Valiant and prudent, but of dubious right,
Which oft, with various chance, was try'd in fight.
At length, his own son dead, this Prince agreed
That Henry, son of Maud, should him succeed.
Born 1105—Ascended 1135—Reigned 19 years—Died 1154.

HENRY II.—PLANTAGENET.
First of Plantagenets now Henry reigns,
Fam'd for his power, his lust, and large domains:
A priest, imperious, vex'd him all his life,
His sons prov'd rebels, and a shrew his wife.
Born 1131—Ascended 1154—Reigned 35 years—Died 1189.

RICHARD I.—PLANTAGENET.
Richard, for boist'rous courage chiefly known,
Wasted his years in countries not his own;
A prisoner long, at last untimely slain,
England had small advantage from his reign.
Born 1157—Ascended 1189—Reigned 10 years—Died 1199.

JOHN.—PLANTAGENET.
John's reign was full of troubles and turmoils,
From his bad conduct and from priestly wiles;
England's great charter, by the Barons won,
He gave—but to the Pope resign'd his crown.
Born 1167—Ascended 1199—Reigned 17 years—Died 1216.

HENRY III.—PLANTAGENET.
This king's chief note in history does gain,
From civil discords and the longest reign;
Fickle and weak, he saw his crown just gone,
Yet dying, left it to his war-like Son.
Born 1207—Ascended 1216—Reigned 56 years—Died 1272.

EDWARD I.—PLANTAGENET.
Far distant when acknowledg'd, Edward came,
Assum'd the crown and rul'd with matchless fame:
Welch, Scots he conquer'd, made and unmade kings,
Reformed the laws, and clip'd the clergy's wings.
Born 1232—Ascended 1272—Reigned 34½ years—Died 1307.

EDWARD II.—PLANTAGENET.
A person comely, but of genius mean,
Oppos'd by faction and a faithless queen;
For crimes of favourites, harass'd and dethron'd,
Oppress'd by murd'rers, poor Caernarvon groan'd.
Born 1284—Ascended 1307—Reigned 19½ years—Died 1327.

EDWARD III.—PLANTAGENET.
Triumphant Edward, the Black Prince's sire,
In peace and war we honour and admire;
France conquer'd, Scots subdu'd, preserv'd his name,
But his last days eclips'd his former fame.
Born 1313—Ascended 1327—Reigned 50½ years—Died 1377.

RICHARD II.—PLANTAGENET.
Richard from valiant sire and grandsire sprung,
Prov'd weak, perverse, and rash, for he was young,
Yet brave, from rebels did defend his throne,
And when depos'd, lost not his life alone.
Born 1366—Ascended 1377—Reigned 22 years—Died 1399.

HENRY IV.—LANCASTER.
Lancasterian Henry now the throne possess'd,
A prince of no mean politics confess'd,
But courts the priest their favour to engage
Hence Lollard felt dire persecutions rage.
Born 1367—Ascended 1399—Reigned 13½ years—Died 1413.

HENRY V.—LANCASTER.
All-conquering Henry, parts and prowess rare,
The glorious field of Agincourt declare;
A vicious prince, a virtuous king became,
But priests indulg'd kept England in a flame.
Born 1388—Ascended 1413—Reigned 9½ years—Died 1422.

HENRY VI.—LANCASTER.
Meek, mild and merciful, but weak his sway,
A king of France the French would not obey;
Tho' brave his queen, the Yorkists seiz'd his throne,
And his son's murder usher'd in his own.
Born 1421—Ascended 1422—Reigned 38½ years—Died 1461.

EDWARD IV.—YORK.
Not unmolested Yorkish Edward reign'd,
Yet, when victorious, he the throne maintain'd;
Revengeful, jealous, politic, but lew'd,
His virtues were by luxury subdu'd.
Born 1442—Ascended 1461—Reigned 22 years—Died 1483.

EDWARD V.—YORK.
Poor child! how short his reign, domestic strife
Untimely cost his own and brother's life;
He saw each faithful friend by fraud expire,
By Richard's fraud, who did to rule aspire.
Born 1470—Ascended 1483—Reigned 2 months—Smothered in the Tower 1483.

RICHARD III.—YORK.
Richard with deep hypocrisy endu'd,
Ambitious, cruel, destitute of good,
Did public praise obtain by wholesome laws,
And bravely fell had virtue been the cause.
Born 1450—Ascended 1483—Reigned 2 years—Died 1485.

HENRY VII.—TUDOR.
The first of Tudor's race of high renown,
Spite of Pretenders, held the English crown;
Subtle, profound, his projects tended still
To fix his empire, and his coffers fill.
Born 1457—Ascended 1485—Reigned 23½ years—Died 1509.

HENRY VIII.—TUDOR.
Henry, of haughty mind and sturdy mien,
With fury reign'd and often chang'd his queen;
Disown'd the Pope, yet kept us Papists still,
And burn'd both sides who dar'd contest his will.
Born 1491—Ascended 1509—Reigned 38 years—Died 1547.

EDWARD VI.—TUDOR.
Edward was learn'd, meek, pious, just, and sage,
A man of council, tho' a child in age;
He laid the basis of the church we boast,
But by his uncles' quarrels oft was crost.
Born 1537—Ascended 1547—Reigned 6½ years—Died 1553.

MARY I.—TUDOR.
When bloody Mary fill'd the English throne,
The good her brother did was soon undone;
Thro' her short reign, tho' much too long, was seen
A wretched bigot and a cruel queen.
Born 1516—Ascended 1553—Reigned 5½ years—Died 1558.

ELIZABETH.—TUDOR.
The fam'd Eliza's long and glorious reign
Quell'd Romish superstition, humbled Spain;
Invasions, plots, her genius soar'd above,
Blest in her servants' and her subjects' love.
Born 1533—Ascended 1558—Reigned 44½ years—Died 1603.

JAMES I.—STUART LINE.
England's first Stuart from the Scotian clime,
Learn'd, but pedantic, peaceful to a crime;
His weak, yet arbitrary, acts prepare
A scene of ills for his succeeding heir.
Born 1566—Ascended 1603—Reigned 22 years—Died 1625.

CHARLES I.—STUART LINE.
Unhappy Prince! his fate atones his fault,
Not weak, but obstinate, and badly taught;
Our Constitution, hurt by lawless deeds,
Is quite suspended when the Monarch bleeds.
Born 1599—Ascended 1625—Reigned 24 years—Beheaded 1649.

CHARLES II.—STUART LINE.
Gay, sprightly, heedless, affable, and lewd,
In Charles's court, few cares did long intrude;
But Popish influence stain'd his latter day
With plots and fines and arbitrary sway.
Born 1630—Ascended 1660—Reigned 24 years—Died 1685.

JAMES II.—STUART LINE.
Blinded with zeal, this furious Popish king
Rome's yoke to England sought again to bring;
He, whilst he reign'd, usurp'd a lawless sway,
'Till William came and open'd freedom's day.
Born 1633—Ascended 1685—Reigned 4 years—Died 1701.

WILLIAM III.
William, of Orange, politic and brave,
Friend to religion, but of priests no slave,
Fix'd freedom and the church, improv'd the coin,
O'ercame our foes, and fix'd the Brunswick line.
Born 1650—Ascended 1689—Reigned 13 years—Died 1702.

MARY II.—STUART LINE.
Daughter of James, united to the man
Whose skill o'erturn'd the schemes her sire began;
In equal title for awhile they shone,
Adding new lustre to the British throne.
Born 1660—Ascended 1689—Reigned 5 years—Died 1694.

ANN.—STUART LINE.
Ten years of glory brighten'd Anna's reign,
While Marlborough's arms did victory maintain;
Nor should hard censure shade her closing scene,
For tho' misled, well-meaning was the queen.
Born 1665—Ascended 1702—Reigned 12 years—Died 1714.

GEORGE I.—HANOVER.
Inur'd alike to council and the field,
Before his sway saw opposition yield;
In wisdom and the laws he put his trust,
Was cautious, steady, fortunate and just.
Born 1660—Ascended 1714—Reigned 13 years—Died 1727.

GEORGE II.—HANOVER.
An issue happiest of the kingly strain,
Triumphant o'er rebellion and its train;
He silenc'd faction, humbl'd France's pride;
He liv'd belov'd, and crown'd with glory, died.
Born 1683—Ascended 1727—Reigned 33½ years—Died 1760.

CAROLINE.
Consort of George; and, while he left the land,
She rul'd the nation with a sov'reign hand;
At length she died, at Heaven's appointed time,
To rise to joys eternal and sublime.
Born 1687—Ascended 1727—Reigned 10 years—Died 1737.

GEORGE III.—HANOVER.
Great George in arts, in arms, in commerce shine,
Long may the crown be worn by Brunswick's line;
Long did he live, blest with his people's love,
And now has chang'd his crown for one above.
Born June 4, 1738—Ascended 1760—Reigned 59½ years—Died 1820.

CHARLOTTE.—MECKLENBERG-STRELITZ.
A tender mother, and a virtuous wife,
A people's love allay'd her wayward life;
Blest with a num'rous offspring fair and brave,
Whose grief, whose tears, bedu'd her silent grave.
Born May 19, 1744—Married 1761—Died 1818.

GEORGE IV.—HANOVER.
George the Fourth that doth with splendour shine,
Long may he lead the race of Brunswick's line.
Born August 12, 1762—Ascended Jan. 29, 1820.

TALES WITH A STING

AN AMATEUR IN CRIME—*By E. S. Gaine*

THE young lady cast her writing-pad to the floor, flung her fountain-pen after it with such force that neither it nor the carpet was ever the same again, and uttered a short, sharp word. She kicked the chair upon which she had been sitting; but it said nothing. She strode about the room, and looked out of the window; but there was no help there, only a few leaves adrift on the wind, impotent even as herself. She turned and stared at the walls, but no writing appeared upon them. Finally, of course, she sat down on the chair again, picked up the pen, which lay weltering in its own ink, and was no forrarder. This state of helpless annoyance and bafflement was indeed most unbecoming in a rising young novelist—rising, that is to say, into being a novelist. Authors should survey the world from a point of vantage; they must, surely, be omniscient; it is unthinkable that they should be held up by anything so elementary as ignorance of facts. Yet here was she, Imogen Crane, half-way through her beautiful novel, and absolutely stuck. She had got the man to prison; it was essential that he should go to prison; but now that he was there, what was he to do? What was she to say about prison? The sad fact was that she had never been there. She did not know what the inside of a prison looked like, or what sort of work the prisoners did, or how much work a day, or what sort of terms they were on with the warders. She knew that on going to prison one was made to bath in someone else's bath-water, and she had once read something about prison diet in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" when she was looking for something else; men got more fat bacon than women, she remembered. Also she had seen Galsworthy's "Justice." It was not enough. From such meagre data she could not elaborate her hero's material and spiritual life, his impressions and reactions (you know how important reactions are) during his year of imprisonment. Nor could she—no, not possibly—scatter a few asterisks about after the prison gates clanged behind him, and go on: "When John Strongitharm was released, a year later . . ." That would be a fearful admission. An irritating little tune played itself in her mind. "And that singular anomaly, the lady novelist . . ." How true, how terribly true! But at least, let us never confess it!

She turned back to the earlier part of the novel, and experienced that thrill which is, perhaps, what really keeps writers at their miserable trade—the thrill of finding that what she had written was not only quite different from what she had meant to write, but much better. The book could not be abandoned now. Somehow, this bunker must be overcome; somehow, she must find out about this prison business. There was only one way. She rose again, and stood with head high and wide, fervent eyes, looking rather like Joan of Arc. Miss Crane had resolved to launch on a career of crime.

Now there are times when the subjects of this realm seem so beset with laws, bye-laws, regulations and prohibitions that it seems hardly possible to move a step in any direction without infringing something. One would not think it was a hard thing to get into prison. Yet Imogen, when she began to think the matter out in a practical spirit, found that it is extremely difficult to qualify for a few days in the Second Division. Several years' hard labour are within anyone's reach: simply break into a house or write someone else's signature on a cheque. But a week-end in prison—how? She spent the next week reflecting on various petty misdemeanours, and going out to commit them. But, in the first place, habits of lawfulness are so engrained in us, poor things that we are, that it requires the most violent effort of self-mastery to overcome them. And in the second place, crime and punishment are by no means so inevitably connected as one might think.

One of Imogen's first ideas was theft. She went to a bargain basement, where she believed the detective service to be excellent, with thoroughly felonious intent. Wandering round with a large shopping bag clutched firmly in one hand, she could for some time find nothing which it seemed at all sane to steal. She had a high-brow soul, which recoiled from being caught with a pincushion in the form of a carrot, or one of the works of Ethel O. Well. At last a remnant counter hove in sight, and by this she loitered, plucking at this piece of silk and that, and hoping that her behaviour was suspicious. It was when she had selected her booty that the moral collapse took place. If, as is probable, you have never tried to steal anything, you will hardly believe how difficult it is. Imogen found it easy enough to pick up the remnant, but thrust it into her bag she could not. Chains of iron seemed to hold down that fragment of crêpe-de-Chine, fields of more than electric force barred the motion of her hand. Observing her own emotions, like a good novelist, Imogen was amazed. How honest, she thought, must those people be who say that honesty is a superficial virtue! Evidently they have never tried to discard it. She, with no particular respect for the property of the store, and with a positive longing for the consequences of detection, stood there feeling as if her temperature were 105, and merely dithered. Rage,

[*Continued overleaf.*

TWO

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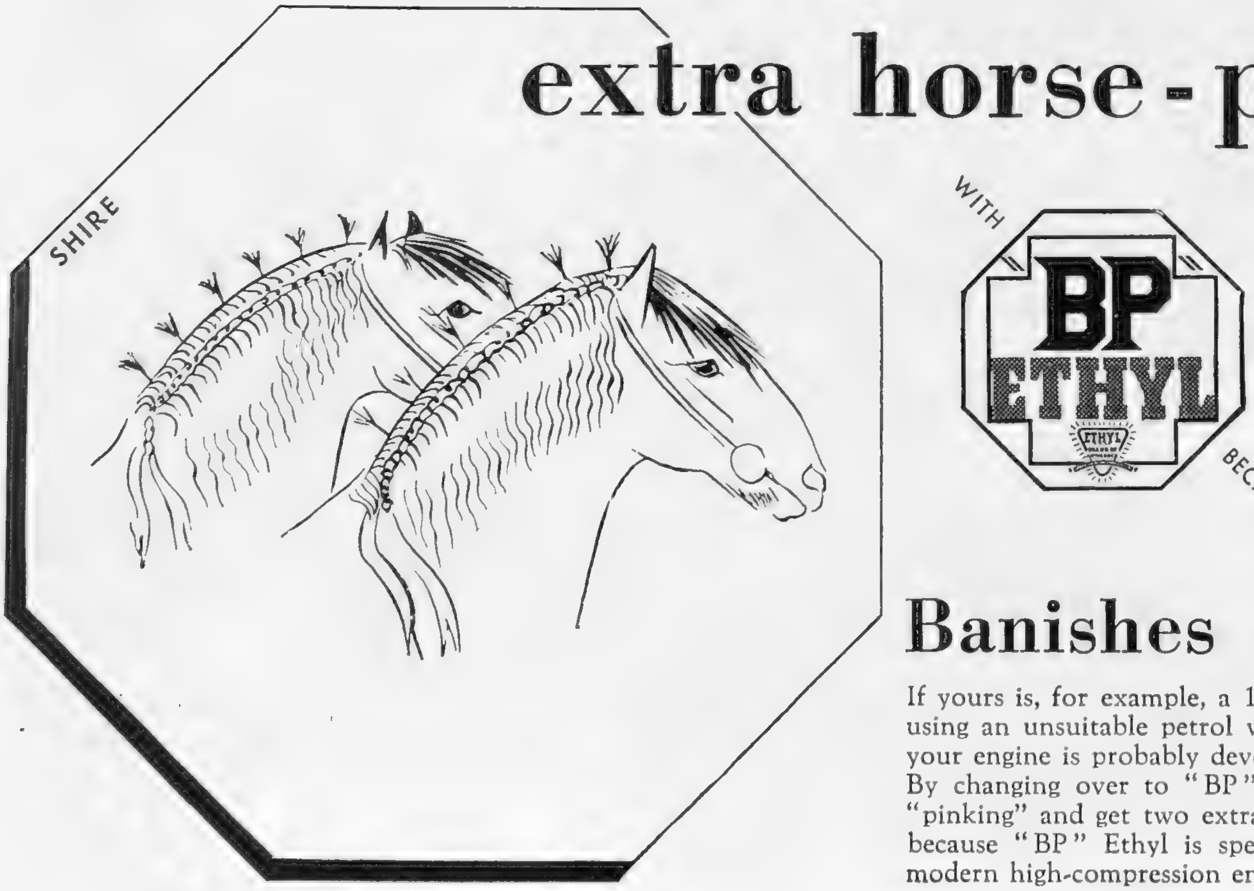

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astonishment, and humiliation possessed her. She could not steal. Suddenly, one of those blessed brain-waves came to her which so often provide us with reasons for not doing what we do not want to do. She realised that theft was no use. She would be let off as a first offender, bound over (whatever that meant), and no doubt referred to the court missionary. And then she would have to start all over again. Larceny was off. Shivering with relief, Imogen bought the remnant in her agitation, and left the shop, looking a little sick.

In the Tube, on her way home, she decided on a new line of attack. It would surely be much easier, simpler, and less outraging to her surprising moral faculties, to incur a fine and refuse to pay it. The offences for which fines were inflicted seemed far more suited to a young lady of excellent upbringing, and probably less clemency was shown to first offenders. As she mused, her eye caught the words: "Do not spit. Penalty for first offence, 40s." For a moment she thought of it. . . . but somehow, no, that did *not* seem suited. . . .

The next morning Imogen rang up a young man of her acquaintance. "Is that you, Pat?" she said in her most charming telephone voice. "It's Genny speaking. Do you think I might borrow your car for the day?"

"Why, of course you may," said Pat, in pleased accents. "Will you borrow me with it? Can I drive you anywhere? Land's End or John o' Groats? . . ."

"Oh, thank you awfully, Pat," Imogen broke in. "I'd love to go to John of Gaunt's one day—but I'm afraid I must see this through alone——" She tried to make this sound rather dramatic and impressive. "Would you trust me to drive the car by myself?"

"Oh, *rather*," said he, concealing by a show of enthusiasm his real opinion of Genny's driving. "Er—where are you going, roughly?"

"Well, roughly, all over the place." Imogen was very vague. "Eventually I want to get to—er—Wandsworth." It was the only prison she could think of at the moment.

"Wandsworth? Where on earth's that? Well, I'll bring the car round. Which would you like, by the way? The light car, or the new sports?"

"Well"—she hesitated. She had the egotism of the true artist, but it did strike her that if she were to smash up Pat's Hispano-Suiza she would be almost obliged to marry him. "The light car will do beautifully, I think. Thank you ever so much, Pat. Yes, come round as soon as you like."

So Imogen set out on a fine morning to get herself arrested for driving to the public danger—or, better still, for being without a licence. London, she decided, would not do for the scene of her activities. It is difficult to be arrested for driving dangerously in London without driving dangerously—and it was prison, not hospital, that she wished to experience. Her hero would not, as far as she knew, be going into hospital. She drove, therefore, quite cautiously out through the dismal purlieus of Greater London, and found herself at last in Buckinghamshire. Her speed rose as she travelled, and so did her spirits. She dashed through Amersham at a great speed, missing a fruit barrow (unfortunately) by inches, and singing a brave tune very loudly in her head. But the country, and the beeches, and the benevolent late sunshine were already distracting her. The leaves were all colours, there was no wind and there the trees stood together, very still and proud, like kings taking homage. Imogen began to think of phrases. (Could she bring an autumn landscape into the novel? Somehow, surely. . . .) She forgot the object of her journey, and actually drove past a policeman at not more than fifteen miles an hour, staring at the rich glow on an old red-brick house. At Aylesbury, where she lunched, she remembered herself, and parked the car in a particularly obstructive spot. Somebody would certainly complain. Drinking her soup, which should have been thick, but was thin, and eating her cold beef, which should have been thin but was thick, Imogen eagerly awaited the entrance of some indignant accuser. None came. Really, the laxness of the police was shocking! Finally she paid her bill and went out, to find—no car! Consternation! But then there loomed two yokels, one young, one old, hat-touching.

"We puished your little motor into the soide o' the rooad, Miss," said the young Obadiah helpfully.

"Roight in the middle o' the highway, it wor," the old Obadiah quavered.

"Ay, ye'd 'a been 'ad up, Miss, for leaving it thayr——"

"Roight in the middle o' the highway—he, he, he!"

Sweating with fury, Imogen thanked them prettily, and gave them a shilling. The aged imbecile's piping voice followed her out of Aylesbury.

She was discouraged after that. But she did try. All through

[*Continued overleaf*

Characteristic Clothes

FOR those who have time for observation during this coming Season, a glance at the sartorial pageant of the London streets may prove interesting. It is simple to tell the nationality of a man by the clothes he wears.

Germans lack sartorial imagination; their coats are flat and wooden, much too short; most of them wear green. As one might expect, their clothes are rigid and uniform in character. As opposed to the French, who are more flexible in their tailoring. They no longer wear wasp waists and bell-top trousers, but their taste in materials is still ornate and "Continental." South Americans wear clothes that are well tailored. Sleek and snake-like, their clothes ooze sex. Or they hope they do. They live for clothes, but, judging by our standards, their lives are mis-spent.

Decidedly more masculine are South Africans and Australians. Their clothes approximate, in the main, to the ready-made clothes sold in our provincial cities.

American clothes are usually sewn by Italian labour, and beautifully sewn at that. If they knew more about style and cutting, their clothes would come into our class.

Only the well-dressed Austrian can compete successfully with the Londoner. And as so few Austrians can afford to visit this capital, they really do not count as competitors.

London, despite the scarcity of good coat-hands, still remains supreme. The styles for this season are interesting and will be copied in one form or another throughout the world. Pope & Bradley have had a considerable influence on the evolution of these styles.

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" The car sets up a new standard in road-holding and comfort for cars under £1,000. At all speeds the suspension was flexible, neither harsh nor soft. A safe, quiet, fast and comfortable car." *"EVENING STANDARD"*

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" Built regardless of price with a degree of finish that the connoisseur of fine cars will appreciate . . . the unmistakable 'breeding' of it, I felt immediately at home." *"The SKETCH"*

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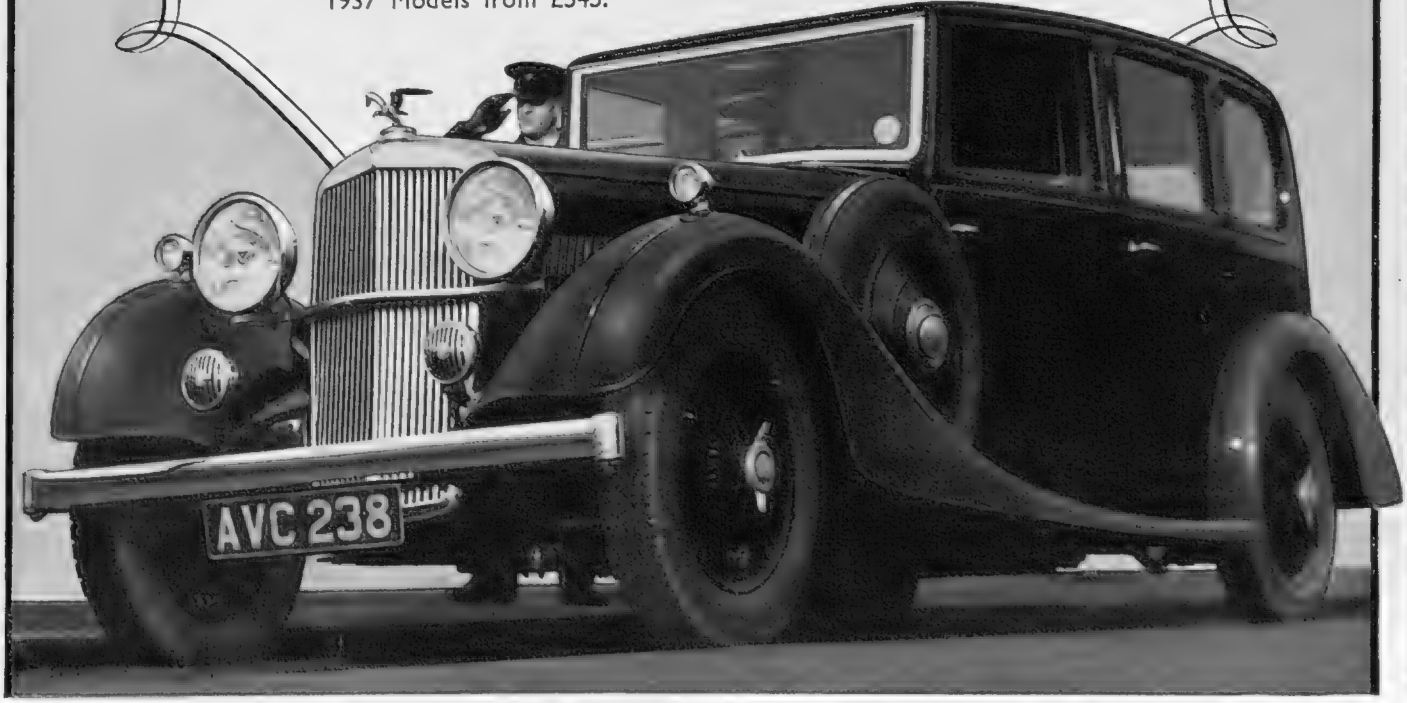
1937 Models from £545.



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North Oxfordshire, though again beset by odd lines of verse that would crystallise in her mind, she drove with studied recklessness, speeded up through villages, and took the wrong side whenever the local constabulary was in sight. And no one cared! Nothing happened! (As far as she knew.) She drove furiously until the petrol ran out, late in the afternoon, in a remote part of Warwickshire. The nearest garage was six miles away. Imogen walked them all. She returned to town by train.

And in due course, Pat was summoned for speeding and refusing to stop when signalled. But being very devoted, he paid up and said nothing.

Imogen was getting desperate. For three more days she went about committing any crimes she could think of; with admirable persistence but no result. The fates seemed banded against her. She rode in buses, on a penny ticket, from Kew to Hackney, and from Bloomsbury to Bow, and discovered many unknown regions of London; but herself remained undiscovered. She rode first-class, with a third-class ticket, round and round the Inner Circle, until she could recite the stations by heart. The inspectors seemed to be having a holiday that day. Perhaps it was their annual outing. Once, indeed, she thought her luck had turned. Quite unintentionally, she found herself engaged in an altercation with a particularly aggressive woman even for Kensington High Street (where the standard of aggressiveness in women is high). Imogen improved the shining hour and answered back with great spirit and rudeness. Indeed, she enjoyed herself vastly, and by keeping her eyes on the woman's hat, which was like a wedding-cake, only black, she was able to attain unsuspected heights of invective, and stay there. Yes, she was very near success that time, for the warm and heavy hand of the law actually settled upon her shoulder. She was removed from the scene by a bobby and taken, with many admonitions—home. She ought, of course, to have assaulted and battered the bobby. But, though sententious, he showed such an imperturbably sweet nature, that Imogen could not strike him; and also he was so very large and padded-looking that she felt he would probably not have noticed if she had. He left her at her door with a final "Don't know what you was thinking of, Miss—a nice-looking young girl like you, too!" Alas! alas! Her looks were her downfall!

After this wearing excitement, Imogen felt in need of a sedative. That was what took her to Charing Cross Road. Second-hand bookshops never failed to soothe her. They restored one's sense of proportion. All those books that people had written, racked their brains over, and sat up all night over—there they were, all in this box, 9d., and nobody wanted them at that. It was like looking at the stars. Imogen worked southwards, from the Cambridge Circus end. She was in no hurry; she did not want to buy anything; and she had dropped crime, like a heavy weight, out of her mind for the afternoon. To-morrow she would take up her burdens again. But now, let her read a page (not more) of "The Life and Letters of the Rev. F. J. Blerm," and admire the fine picture of marrows in "The Kitchen Garden." It was her half-day out. She would even caress those painfully uniform volumes which had darkened her otherwise happy schooldays. The "Æneid, Book II."—she could read two lines still, but gave up at the third. Molière—Schiller—no, she could not yet forgive Schiller. Strange that all the authors represented here were either supremely famous or utterly unknown. . . . She had now reached a corner shop, which seemed devoted entirely to the obscure and instructive type of work. The subjects were as depressing as the bindings. Imogen was about to pass on to brighter things, when her eye fell on that which made her stop in the middle of a breath and stand rigid, gaping.

It was a medium-sized book, black (or it might once have been green), and it was entitled "Prison Organisation." Imogen seized it with a trembling hand. She scarcely dared to hope—but as she turned the pages her excitement turned to exultation. Here, within this unprepossessing cover, was all that she wanted to know, all those dull, precise, definite facts that would enable John Strongitharm to spend a convincing year in prison. O raptures of poets and ecstasies of seers, how much less imposing are you than concrete facts, four-square to all the winds of doubt! And Imogen need no longer go to prison. This book should be hers, and at once; she would go home and eat muffins as she read it. How much? It was marked 1s. 6d. She felt in her pocket—and her joy was blotted out. She had no money with her. This was completely maddening. Impossible to go home for her purse; someone else would certainly buy "Prison Organisation" in her absence. Now, at this moment, her recent training as a criminal came to her aid. It was like learning to ride a bicycle—suddenly, one can do it. Glancing furtively to right and left, Imogen clutched the green-black book and fled down the side street, in terror and triumph. She had committed a larceny.

THE END.

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FOLLOWING THROUGH. By SANDY BUNKER.

THOSE of us who play golf are feeling particularly proud of ourselves at the moment ; we are rejoicing in the Coronation of a golfer King. Almost every club in the kingdom has held, or is holding, competitions to celebrate the Coronation of King George VI., and quite rightly so, for our Sovereign is an earnest patron of the Royal and Ancient game. The King is, moreover, a member of that vast fraternity of players which is termed "average golfers," so that every man, woman and child who plays the game cannot help feeling a personal pride in the fact that our King shares all our joys, our miseries, our patience, perseverance and self-control which accompany even reasonable efficiency in the game of golf.

A Royal Foursome. In spite of the many calls upon his time and his devotion to affairs of State, his Majesty has worked at the game of golf to such purpose that he could beat the majority of his golfing subjects, for he has a handicap of eight, and plays down to it. A famous professional who was one of his tutors expressed the opinion that our King would be a very good golfer indeed if he had the time to devote to practice. As a matter of fact, it would be difficult to find four brothers who could successfully challenge our King, and his three brothers, the Duke of Windsor, the Duke of Gloucester, and the Duke of Kent, who have frequently played matches together at Brancaster. With his brothers, the King first began to play golf when on holiday at North Berwick, and while his Majesty has not taken part in open

T.R.H. THE KING AND QUEEN *are here seen, as the newly married Duke and Duchess of York, enjoying a game of golf during their honeymoon in 1923.*

tournaments, he has frequently engaged in interesting matches. I recall one such game played a few years ago in Wales. He was partnered by Mr. Frank Hodges, then Minister of Labour, and opposed a local professional and an amateur. The news that the then Duke of York was engaged in a match soon spread, and everybody in the district came to the course to see him play. This spoilt the match to some extent, and it was abandoned after nine holes. The King, like most of us, prefers to play without a "gallery," and golfers at least will appreciate and respect this wish.

A Regal Drive. But, in the past, our King has not shirked the ordeal of playing golf in public when necessary to the well-being of golfing affairs. I recall how he drove the first ball on the Richmond Park course, to mark the opening of one of London's most popular public courses. There was a vast crowd present, but with a new driver, which probably he had never before handled, the King, then Duke of York, hit a shot which was the envy of almost every player who saw it. Only a golfer with a really good swing could hope to control his nerves so well as to strike the ball with any degree of accuracy in such circumstances. Seven years ago, his Majesty came out brilliantly in another ordeal, when he drove himself into office as Captain of the Royal and Ancient Club. I have seen many golfers of championship class fail in this momentous shot, played always at eight o'clock on an autumn morning, to the accompaniment of the booming of a small cannon, fired from beside the first teeing ground, about three yards from the player, on the Old Course at St. Andrews. The caddies who assemble to retrieve the ball and return it to the Captain, in exchange for a sovereign, no doubt thought the royal golfer might similarly fail. Some decided to wait only about fifty yards from the tee. They were shamefaced and discomfited, for

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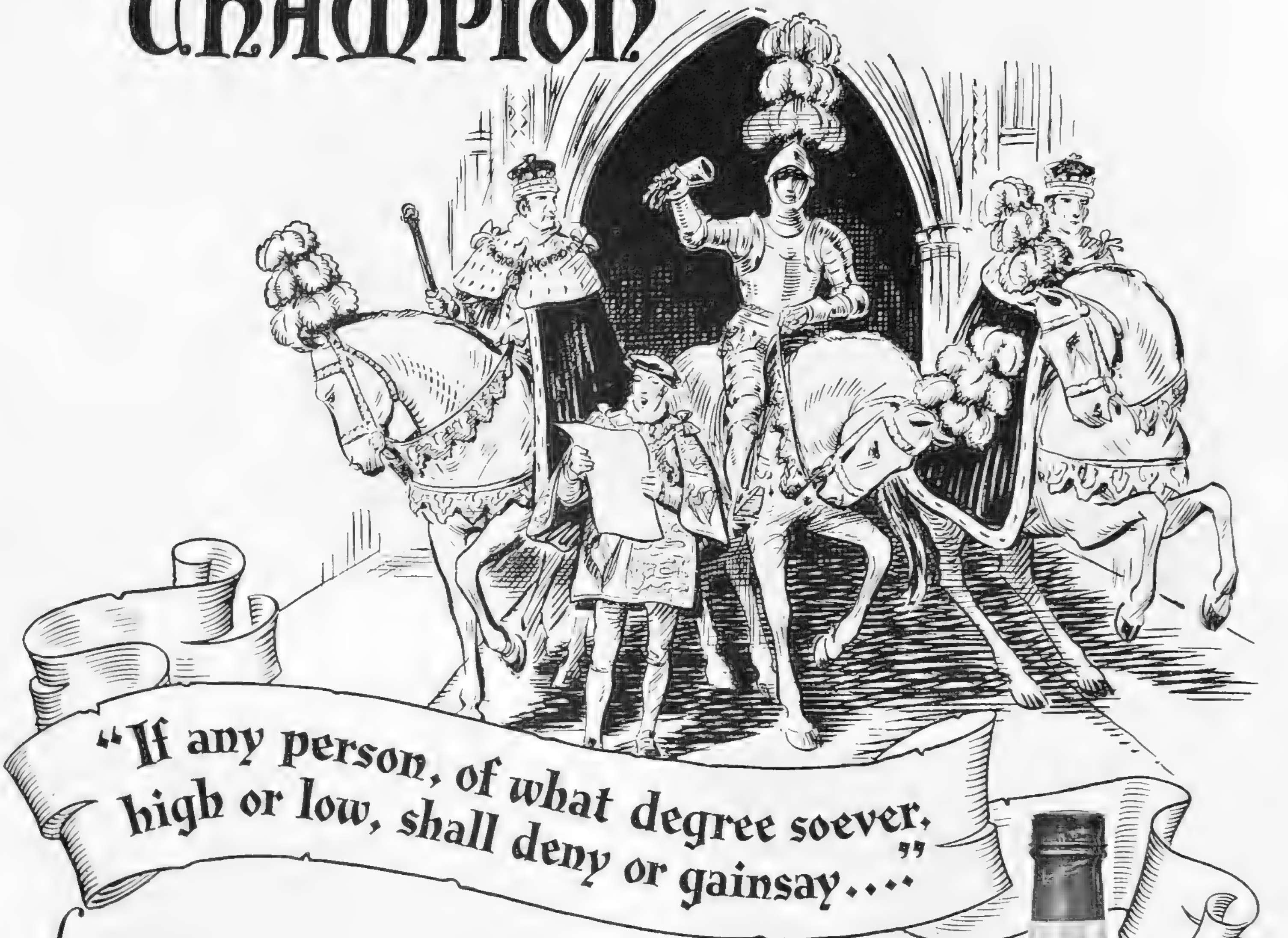
The CORONATION CHAMPION



SO began the historic four-hundred-year-old challenge of the English King's Champion.

The last occasion on which it was heard was at the Coronation Banquet of King George IV in 1821.

At that date the House of Seager had already been established as Distillers for sixteen years. The traditional excellence and perfect purity of their gin remains unchallenged and its Champions are legion.

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Continued]

they saw the ball sailing over their heads, over the road which crosses the fairway, and nearly 250 yards down the middle of the course. It was indeed a regal drive, and one worthy of the Captain of the Royal and Ancient Club. His Majesty's brother, the Duke of Kent, has consented to become Captain of the Royal and Ancient Club, and in September next will perform the ceremony of driving himself into office.

A King Gave Us Golf.

King George VI. is not the first King of England who has been Captain of the Royal and Ancient Club. His grandfather, King Edward VII., accepted the office when Prince of Wales in 1863, but he played golf only occasionally, and the ceremony of driving himself into office was delegated. The Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales, was Captain of the Royal and Ancient Club in 1922, and his own keen interest in golf, which he showed by attendance at championships and tournaments, stimulated general interest in the game.

It is a long time since we had a golfing King on the throne, but it was a King who introduced the game into England. When James VI. of Scotland became James I. of England, and came to London, some Scottish gentlemen of his Court began to play the game at Blackheath, and they had much to do with the foundation of England's oldest club, Royal Blackheath, where even to-day many of the ancient customs and ritual of those days, more than three hundred years ago, are observed at club dinners.

H.M. THE KING *is a keen golfer with a good style. This snapshot shows him, when Duke of York, driving off in a Match of Admirals v. Generals at Camberley Heath in 1934.*

It was a King, too, who gave the game its title "Royal and Ancient." King William IV. invested the then St. Andrews Golf Club with the title "Royal and Ancient Golf Club," a little more than one hundred years ago. Since then, the reigning sovereign has bestowed the title "Royal" on many clubs, generally accompanying it with Royal patronage, and there are now sixty-four Royal clubs in the world. Our King is patron of several clubs and official organisations, such as the English Golf Union and the Professional Golfers' Association, and by his patronage shows a keen interest in the welfare of so many of his subjects who play the game of golf.

There is one regret all golfers will share: that is, that his Majesty will probably be denied many a pleasant hour which might have been spent on the links now that he has undertaken the responsibility of the arduous affairs of State. But we cannot believe that a player whose short back-swing and full follow through mark him as a really fine golfer will give up playing altogether. Rather do we rejoice that our King is a golfer who can appreciate the value of the Royal and Ancient game as a means of relief from the worries and trials of his great office.

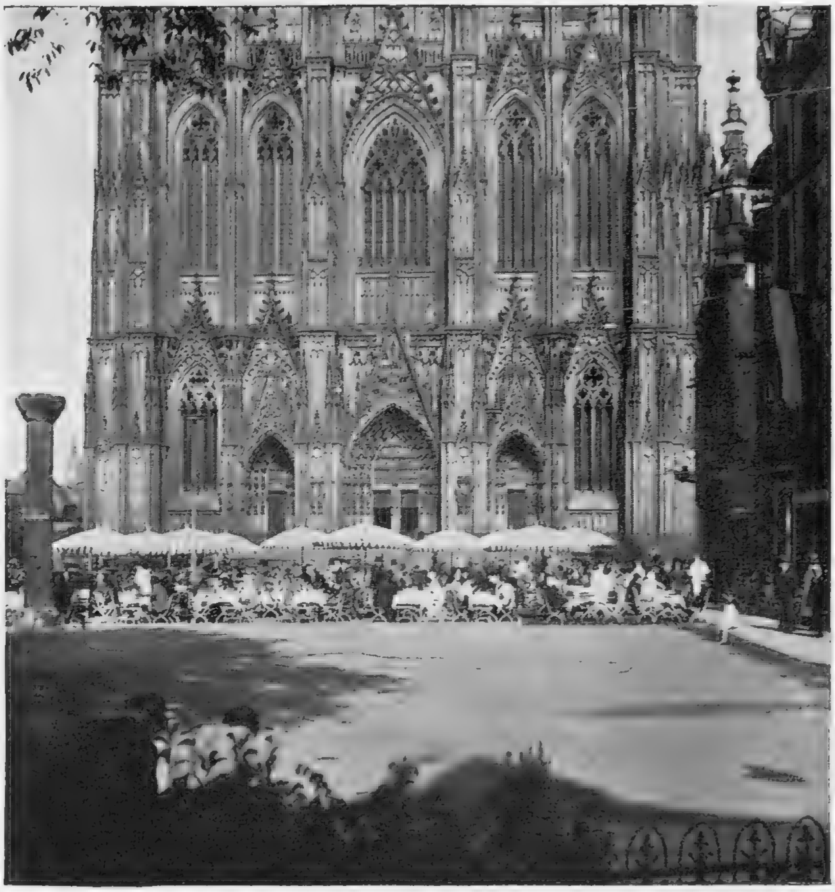
A VISIT TO HANOVER is always well worth-while when one is in Germany. This year, however, in view of the Coronation, Hanover is of particular interest to English people.

It may not be generally known that the famous Royal Garden at Herrenhausen, residence of George I before he ascended the English throne in 1714, has now been completely restored to its former glory. Herrenhausen is the oldest garden laid out in the Baroque style in the whole of Germany, and it is the only one still preserved intact. It is indeed a vivid reminder of that period, lasting until 1837, in which Hanover and England were united under a common sovereign.

One of the attractions of the garden is the fountain which throws a jet to a height of 230 feet; higher than any other on the Continent. There is also the oldest open-air theatre in Germany, which dates from the year 1690.

Motorists who tour through Germany this summer will be able to follow the new auto road from Hanover to Berlin. No less than 130 miles in length, it is the longest road of its kind yet completed in the North of Germany.

WELCOME TO GERMANY



where a glorious holiday awaits you. Follow the lure of the romantic Rhine. Stroll the boulevards of Berlin. Browse in the galleries and art shops of Munich and Dresden. Dream in the historic grandeur of mediæval picture towns—Nürnberg, Rothenburg, Hildesheim. Take a cure in Germany's famous and fashionable spas, golf and play at mountain resorts or bask in the sunshine of the Baltic and North Sea Beaches. The grandeur of Germany's scenery is thrilling: the Harz Mountains, setting of Grimm's fairy-tales . . . the rare charm of the Black Forest . . . the Glory of the Bavarian Alps. The enchantment of the illuminated Rhine, "The Rhine in Flames." A country of colourful picturesque towns and ancient castles, flower-decked valleys, gracious gardens and lovely lakes will charm you with its gay beauty and melodious song. Delightful presentations of music, opera, theatre, and picturesque folk festivals, exciting sports events and interesting exhibitions provide pleasant diversion. Of world renown are the Bayreuth and Munich Opera Festivals. At Düsseldorf a giant Exhibition "A Nation at Work" will be found well worth a visit. For your personal comfort: streamlined trains, modern aeroplanes, express motor coaches, glass-roofed observation cars. Accommodation from de luxe hotels to cosy, friendly inns. Delicious food, rare wines, famous beers. Everything at honest, reasonable prices. Rail fares are reduced 60% and Travel Marks are available at highly favourable quotations. Friendly hospitable people will eagerly help you to enjoy your visit. Consult your travel agent or write to the German Railways Information Bureau for complete details.

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The long drink with a click in it

THE PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION—THE LIGHTER SIDE.

THE purport of the Paris International Exhibition, which is to be opened during the present month, is to illustrate the progress achieved by our generation, particularly in the realm of art, science, and the crafts—a gigantic undertaking, but one which is being carried out very thoroughly. For those who are apt to consider international exhibitions somewhat heavy, it can be stated with certainty that there is a lighter side to this one, which should attract all those who are fond of hearing the best music, seeing the finest acting, and watching novel spectacles. With regard to the latter, the finest and most novel of these should be the Fêtes of Light, features of which will be sky ballets, staged from sunset until early morn, when great streams of water will be projected into the air, upon which rays of ever-changing light will be thrown, and music specially composed by eminent musicians, in an endeavour to express the harmony between tone and colour, will be played. By a new process transforming water into liquid gold and silver, and with the aid of searchlights, the surface of the Seine will resemble a mantle of shimmering light; the great Eiffel Tower, rising from the Exhibition's centre, will be seen sometimes as a phantom column of white, diffusing widespread waves of glowing colour, at others as a magnificent centrepiece for fireworks, which will envelop it in dazzling showers and fountains of flame.

Patrons of the theatre will have an opportunity of hearing "Julius Cæsar," "Richard III.," "Othello," or "Romeo and Juliet," by Shakespeare; "Volpone," by Ben Jonson; Goethe's "Faust"; Ibsen's "Doll's House"; Bernard Shaw's "Joan of Arc"; "Le Cadavre Vivant," by Tolstoy; "Six Personnages en quête d'auteur," by Pirandello; "L'Avare" and "Le Malade Imaginaire," by Molière; "L'Appartement de Zoïca," by Boulgakov; Balzac's "Le Faiseur," and many other plays by famous playwrights. Such a really splendid international programme has been made possible by the formation of what is termed a "Cartel des Théâtres de Paris," which comprises the Atelier, Athénée, Mathurins, Montparnasse, and Vieux Colombier theatres, and which is presided over by Gaston Baty, Charles Dullin, Louis Jouvet, Georges Pitoëff, and René Rocher, names certainly calculated to ensure its success. In the Exhibition there will be a Marionette Theatre in which performances will be given daily, and another very interesting feature will be the opportunity to be given to young altruistic companies of professionals and amateurs of trying their ideas and methods on the general public.

The floodlighting and illuminations of London have been rousing much admiration among the Coronation visitors, and Paris will soon be floodlit in similar gala style in honour of the PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION *due to open this month. Here the Eiffel Tower is being given a trial lighting effect.*

Lovers of music who visit the Exhibition will be able to hear the Opera of La Scala of Milan, the Metropolitan of New York, of Bayreuth, Prague, Warsaw, Moscow, and of Norway, the last-named in "Peer Gynt." There will be festivals of theatre music and of chamber music throughout the season, the former including short excerpts from comic operas and ballets; in the Congress of the International Society of Contemporary Music from June 20 to 27, two famous symphony orchestras and three chamber music orchestras will take part; there will be popular musical festival concerts outdoors, on a pontoon moored to the Quai de Tokio; from July 12 to 18 an International Congress of Song; and another feature of the Exhibition's musical programme will be several great lyric productions, such as "Pelléas et Mélisande."

On the lighter side also, one may place the Festival of Flowers, from June 4 to 12; the Dancing Festival on June 25; the Nautical Display; the Wine Festival; and the popular public dancing of July 14; various regional festivals, and the Festival of Youth. It is interesting to note that the Exhibition is to be divided into eleven sound-sections as regards its musical programmes, and each of these is to be controlled by a central sound station, which will be enabled to send out various programmes according to local requirements, and in order to avoid any displeasing "frontier incidents," the volume of sound will be weakened gradually so that the sound waves die off at the limits of each section. There is to be a special Radio Pavilion at the Exhibition, to show the artistic and technical working of a wireless station; a number of studios, provided with glass walls, will allow visitors to see all that is going on inside; and a television studio will also be open to the public.

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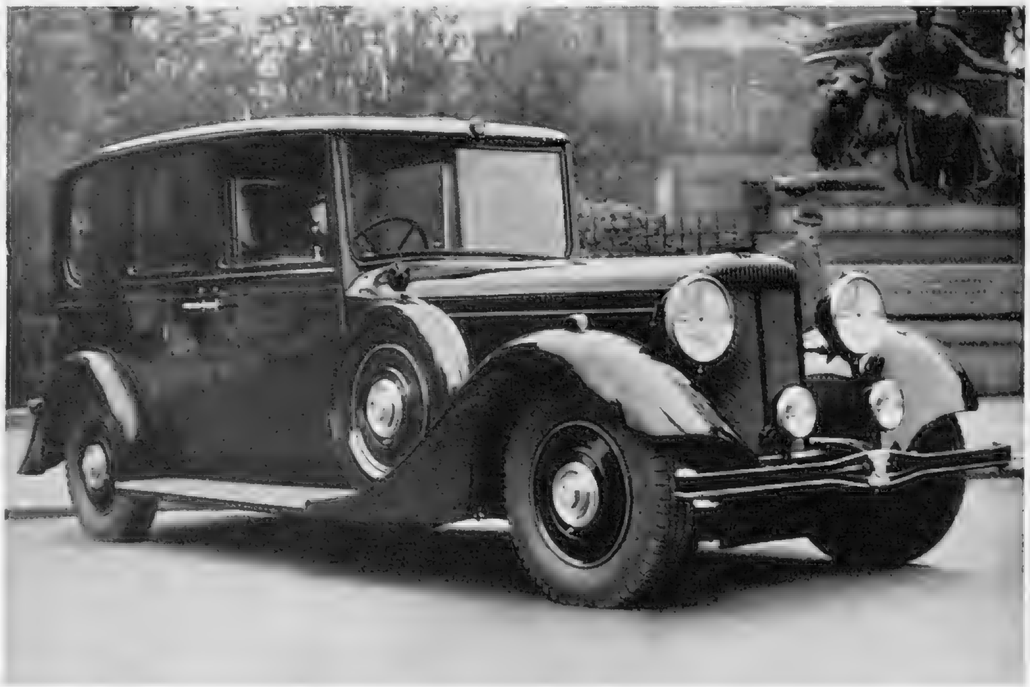
C.F.H. 186

MOTOR DICTA. By H. E. SYMONS.

THE two million-odd motorists in this country will hail with particular joy the Coronation of King George VI., for he is known to be keenly interested in motoring matters, not only in the field of sport, but in industrial circles as well. He has taken a keen interest in Brooklands racing, when, as Duke of York, he visited the famous track. He has opened the Motor Show at Olympia, new roads, and what was until recently the largest garage in London. He has visited various motor factories, while it should be remembered that in 1920, when an undergraduate at Cambridge, he was an enthusiastic motor-cyclist. In 1922 he even entered a motor-cycle at Brooklands, though he did not ride it himself. He is a great believer in the value of touring by car, which, more than any other method, enables the people of one country rapidly to visit those of another, getting to know them and understand them. He realises fully how the friendly intercourse between people of different nations, made easy by the motor-car, may eventually be one of the greatest factors in creating universal peace and goodwill that has ever been known.

When he became King, George VI. naturally took over, so to speak, the various royal cars, while retaining the three Lanchesters which he already owned. There is a black Humber—a perfectly standard model, by the way—which is mainly used for private purposes. There are also a shooting-brake and another luggage lorry. There are two Daimler limousines for ordinary use, which are kept in the same garage as the other cars in the Royal Mews at Buckingham Palace. In a second garage are the four State Daimlers, which are distinguished by the fact that they have no number-plates. The radiators are black and all the polished metal parts are brass. The bodies are very high, to permit easy ingress and egress while wearing elaborate uniforms, and the windows form a very large part of the area of the body, in order to make the occupants as visible as possible to the public. Two very large armchairs are placed well forward and these are normally

[Continued overleaf.



This is the first of the two new DAIMLER STATE CARS *ordered recently by King George, the other being in course of manufacture. Both cars have a 4½-litre "Straight Eight" engine of 32 h.p. They are finished in the official royal colours—maroon with a thin vermilion line, black radiator, and bright parts in brass. Their other distinguishing features are a small blue light above the windscreen and the absence of registration plates.*

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The Lounge of a house recently furnished throughout by Hamptons.

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Complete with 4-speed gearbox - - - - - *from* **£250**
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MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED • COWLEY • OXFORD • (*Sole Exporters: Morris Industries Exports Limited, Cowley, Oxford, England*) M184

Continued]
occupied by their Majesties, those accompanying them sitting on the main rear seat. Some of the older State cars are on the famous 57-h.p. Daimler "Double Six" chassis. The royal colours are deep wine-colour, with a scarlet line, and the mud-guards are black. In the newer cars the upholstery is in royal blue.

Those who know the King's interest in engineering and design, will not be surprised to hear that most of the cars he uses have been fitted up to his own special instructions. The special shooting brake, which he had built in 1932, is an excellent example. It is obvious that the King's knowledge of small ships came in useful, for the brake is a wonderful example of what comfort and convenience can be achieved in a small space. The body is designed to accommodate twelve people in comfort and they can all sit round a table to enjoy meals served in the brake. As in the ward-rooms of smaller naval vessels, the table is attached to the roof, and when not required can be folded out of the way of the occupants. Behind the chauffeur's seat is a gun-rack, and the long seats inside can be hinged back along the sides, leaving the whole of the interior free for luggage. The seats are covered with aluminium matting on the underside to prevent them from being damaged by luggage. Incidentally, by the special request of the Queen, the door was made extremely wide so that a perambulator could be put on board. The Humber, which the King bought from the Car Mart, was a standard model in its general lines, but the body was specially arranged so that when the King wanted to be quiet and undisturbed he could screen off the rear seats and rest quietly there without being recognised. The three Lanchesters consist of a limousine, a landaulette, and an 18-h.p. sports saloon specially designed for the King's private use. He has driven this thousands of miles in his capacity of private motorist. The body is gracefully designed and has many interesting items of special equipment. The rear seat is wide enough for three passengers.

The latest State Daimler, which was supplied to the Duke of Windsor when he was King Edward VIII., is mounted on a standard Daimler 32-h.p. 4½-litre straight-eight chassis and has the usual Daimler fluid flywheel and self-changing gear. Much ingenuity is displayed in the arrangement of the interior fittings. The centre of the rear seat back-cushion can be hinged forward to reveal a capacious cabinet fitted up with writing materials and smoking requisites. On each side is a mirror and reading light, the latter being adjustable so that the lamps can be moved wherever the passenger requires; and on the offside is a telephone communicating with the driver.

The new 1½-litre M.G. is available with three body styles—Open Tourer; FOUR-DOOR SALOON *(illustrated above); and Tickford Folding Head "Foursome"—priced at £280, £235, and £335 respectively. This intermediate M.G. model has an engine of 1546 cc. Production is now in process and deliveries are starting almost at once. The background is the Fox Inn, Boar's Hill, near Oxford.*

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LONDON

M.G. Midget Series T. Two-seater £222

M.G. 1½-Litre Four-Door Saloon £325. Four-Seater Open £280. Folding Head Foursome £335

M.G. Two-Litre Four-Door Saloon £389. Tourer £385. Folding Head Foursome £398

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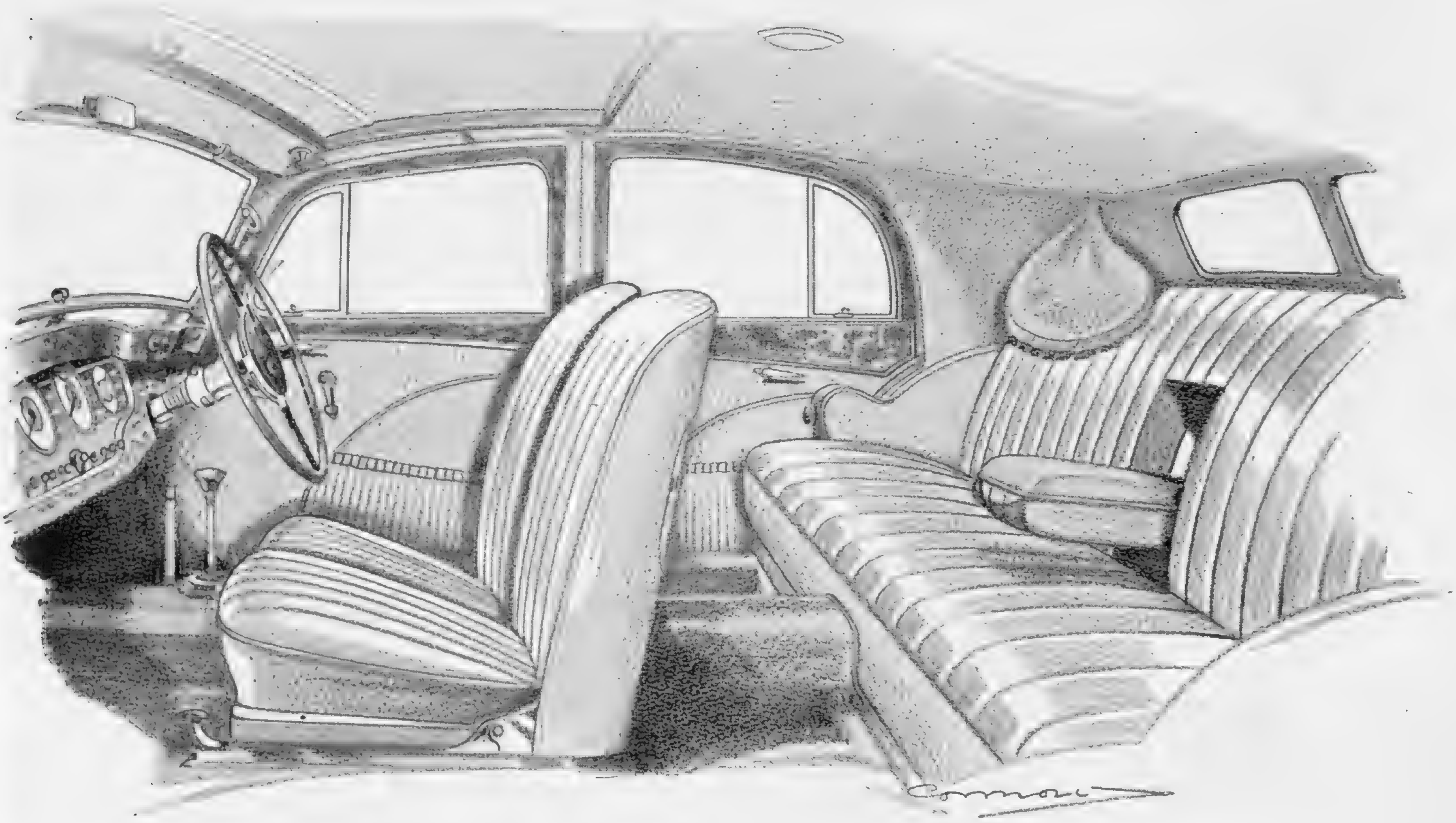
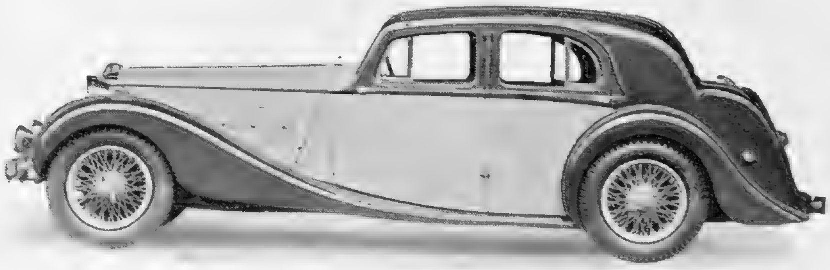


for space
for grace
for pace . . . . .



The M.G. Two-Litre Four-Door Saloon.

THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LIMITED · ABINGDON-ON-THAMES · BERKSHIRE

N.2.

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"AND considering," said the broker, "that it 's the last Coronation many of us are likely to see——"

"Yes, it 's right enough to make a fuss about it. But——"

"You don't understand. You 're insular. Go into a ten-acre field and stretch yourself! Try——"

"What 's all the noise about ?" the partner intervened.

Our Stroller smiled and told him that it arose out of a harmless remark about his own satisfaction at the Coronation being over.

"You forget the people in the country places and overseas. Man alive ! I am sending everyone I know abroad——"

"Why this zeal for emigration ?"

"Quit yer foolin' ! To everyone abroad that I know, I 'm going to send this week's copy of an illustrated paper that has pictures of the Coronation. You 've no idea what a lot the Colonials and the foreigners will think of them."

"They take as much interest as we do in the Coronation ?"

"Pretty nearly. If, that is, the letters I 've had lately from abroad are anything to judge by."

"But you wouldn't send the papers to people in France, or Germany, or America ?"

"Wouldn't I, by Jove ! That 's exactly what I 'm going to do, as well as to my Colonial correspondents."

"Rather expensive, eh ?"

"My boy, the occasion calls for it. After all, it 's a bit of Empire propaganda, too. And a pound or two——"

"As much as that ?"

"You rate my patriotic fervour pretty cheaply, don't you ? What does it matter ?" He touched the inter-communication buzzer. "Here, John. Go to Stoneham's and order me—let me see ——"

"This week's *Punch*, Sir ?"

"No. Don't be humorous, John. I want a score of——"

[The Editor of *The Sketch*, arbitrary as modest, has deleted the next two words.]

"—and ask if there 's any reduction on taking a quantity. If there is, order twenty-five, call of more."

"What 's that for ?" asked Our Stroller.

"To save my having to pay a premium on the next lot if I want them, see ?"

"But surely *The Sketch* won't deal like that ?"

"I don't suppose they will. But that 's no reason why I shouldn't try it on, is it ? These newspaper chaps are pretty innocent as a rule, you know. Tell me later what you find out, John. And remind me to let you have the list of addresses. Yes, that 's all. You can leave the splits until to-morrow."

"He doesn't look like a contortionist," remarked Our Stroller ; "why refer to splits ?"

"Split-tickets, of course. Don't you understand ? No, I suppose you wouldn't. It 's purely technical. What do you see ?"

"That 's what I was about to ask you."

"So I supposed. Everybody is on the same tack, nowadays. Jolly difficult to see one's way, isn't it ?"

"Never found it more difficult in all my life," his partner admitted.

"Ah, but you 're young, as well as beautiful. Now what do you say to Beer ?"

Our Stroller glanced at the clock.

"I didn't mean that," the broker reproached him. "Brewery shares, my dear Sir. Don't you think they 're cheap ?"

"They haven't fallen so much as some of the other things."

"No ; but is that against them ?"

Our Stroller was not quite sure. "How about the Budget ?" he demurred.

"The Budget was prepared on the lines of national defence. Which means that the heavy industries are going to continue very busy for two or three years."

"But brewery shares ?"

"The heavy industries consume the heavy beer on which the brewery companies reckon to make good profits."

"H 'm. I see. Then you don't think——"

"I used to think, until it dawned upon me that thinking was too expensive a luxury for a Stock Exchange broker to indulge. So I gave it up. But brewery shares look to me definitely worth having, on the Budget. And the Coronation, of course."

"As a market factor, the Coronation——"

"No. I don't agree with you there. My impression is that the Coronation will make a very handsome contribution to many companies' profits this year."

"But looking further ahead ?"

"How can you ? We can't help taking this present year as our basis of calculation."

"You think it 's fair to do that ?"

"What other basis are you going to apply ? Chamberlain looks for a steady increase in national prosperity and industry. He ought to know what he is talking about."

"Charitable, aren't you ? Not to say indulgent."

"No ; I think it 's only fair to give him the credit of wishing

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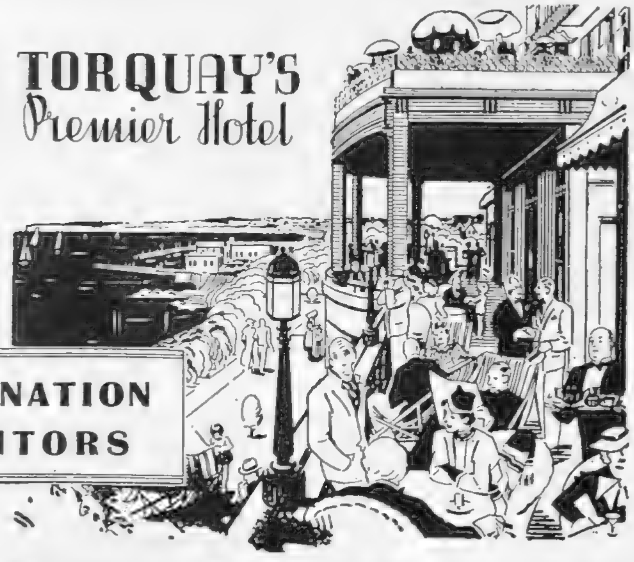
TORQUAY'S
Premier Hotel



CORONATION VISITORS

No visit to England is complete without a few days spent amid the scenic grandeur, the purple hills and wooded vales of glorious Devon. The Imperial Hotel, Torquay, not only affords visitors the opportunity of seeing Devon at its best, but offers luxurious appointments and comfort . . . unrivalled service and cuisine. Everything that may be expected of a Hotel with a reputation for traditional excellence.

The IMPERIAL
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150 rooms, luxury suites with bathrooms and toilet ; central heating. The Ballroom is incontestably the finest on the South Coast, together with the Sun Lounge and sheltered Balcony which traps the sunshine throughout the year. Resident Dance Hostess. Mr. C. S. Hore, Managing Director, will gladly send Brochure on request. Telephone 2457.

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—that "Capital appreciation": how is it best achieved?

The past few weeks have witnessed the most difficult times on the Stock Exchange for many years past. Prices of leading securities dropped by as much as 20% almost in a matter of hours and speculators operating on borrowed money incurred heavy losses.

During the same period a British Government Loan was issued bearing interest at the low rate of 2½%.

Can safety of capital and prospects of appreciation not be attained in combination with a reasonable income yield ? They can : by investing one's funds on the methods of the great British banks and insurance companies — the world's most successful investors.

These methods are described in a book "The Investor's Dilemma and the Way Out," a copy of which will be sent free to all who send a postcard bearing their name and address to the address below. The book gives particulars of an investment the price of which remained unchanged throughout the black month of April and which gives an excellent yield and possesses exceptional opportunities for capital appreciation—an investment in which stock-brokers and bank managers have placed their own funds.

PROVED SECURITIES LIMITED
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LARGEST SALE OF ANY ETHYL PETROL

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Continued]

to be sincere, although he may have been terribly misguided."—" As your slump proved him to be."

" I 'm no champion of Chamberlain or of anybody else, except my wife. I do think that he has been blamed for a slump which was bound to come sooner or later."

" Not so drastically, though ? "

" I 'll give you that one. He sort of accelerated the pace of the snowball that caught so many unfortunate people in its drop. We are on a more healthy level now, that 's one thing."

" You can't say that 's much consolation to shareholders who have seen their capital severely cut down by the slump."

" The money will come back again, don't you fret. It 's mighty hard on the gamblers, I know, but if you play with fire you mustn't mind if you get scorched."

" That 's all very well when you are playing your own hand. It 's when you drop money through no fault of your own that the loss seems rather hard."

Silence gave an eloquent assent. They walked across, without speaking, to the House.

There was the amount of noise usual on a moderately quiet day.

" What did you do in the bus strike, daddy ? " one jobber misquoth to another.

" Lost two pounds in weight," was the reply. " How did you manage ? "

" I nearly got the sack from my staff because I started from home earlier than usual, got a lift by car to the station, and arrived ten minutes before my ordinary time."

" Lots of us did that. Funny, wasn't it ? I felt immensely sorry for the shop-girls and the typists. They couldn't make sure of a voluntary car, and lots of them had to walk home after doing their day's work."

" Don't you think that Transport ' C ' stock looks cheap ? It may be depressed for a time, but the price is fairly sure to go up again."

" So I think. And the Cables and Wireless stocks aren't dear, either. The next month's index is certain to be a bumper one, because of the Coronation."

" The shipping market is another which can't help benefiting from that. Seems to me that the fall in the prices was greatly overdone."

" You might say much the same about the previous rises."

" I suppose you might. But take a thing like P. and O. or Royal Mail, or John Jacobs. There should be scope for talent there, I reckon, slump or no slump."

" On the Coronation ? A company like John Jacobs isn't affected by that. The others are, I know, and they must be taking thousands of visitors to and from this country. The shares are well below the best, for all that."

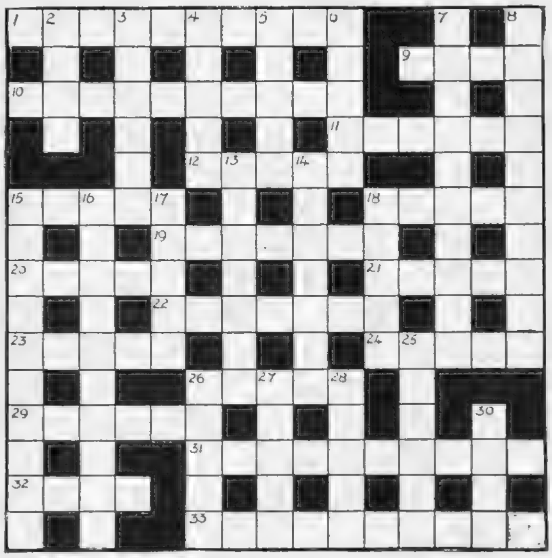
" Perhaps the best was too high."

[*Continued overleaf*

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

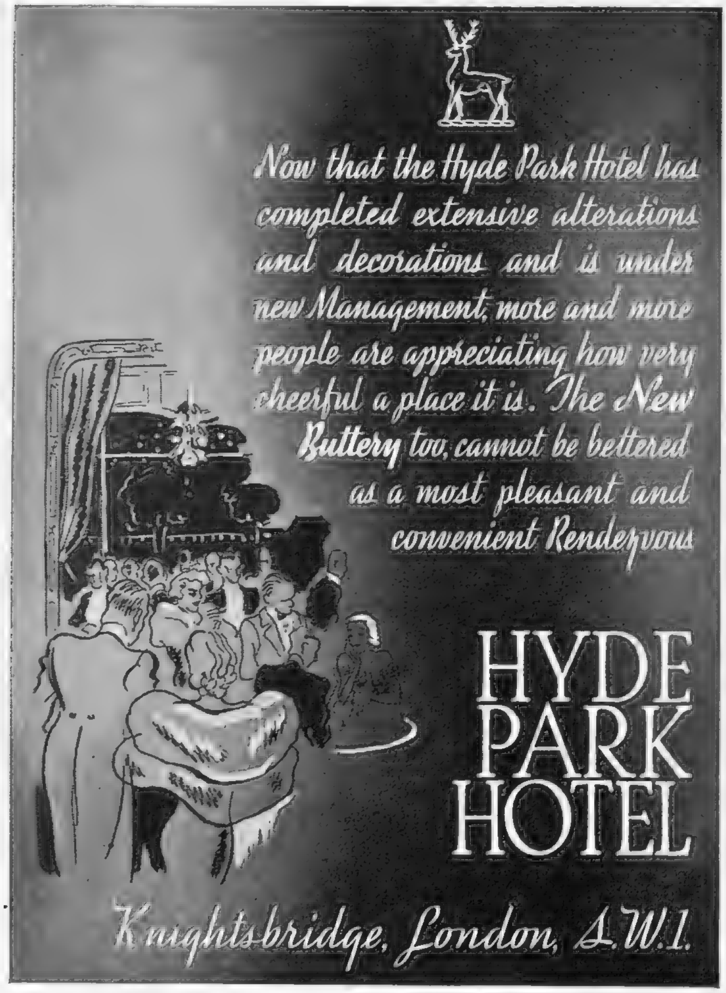
ACROSS.

1. Not so well covered connected with dot, and when they 're combined, they are nothing but rot (10).
9. Empty (4).
10. Taken for granted (10).
11. Pan's doctor (6).
12. Human ends to be driven (5).
15. A shade different (5).
18. You can do it to the tree that produces it (5).
19. " Salient " (anag. ; 7).
20. Issues a report for which the laziest pupil doesn't care one shot (5).
21. Ministers abroad (5).
22. Vegetable ? Nor is it yours from the start (7).
23. What ho ! She ——— (5).
24. An old Greek proverb says that he who is about to do this is on his way to repentance (5).
26. When they meet, they evidence pleasure (5).
29. Commences at Aldershot and ends, too (6).
31. Brace to make a speech finally (10).
32. Clocks may be at variance, but they are never set by them (4).
33. Putting up with things (10).



DOWN.

2. Monkeys out of place in church (4).
3. An exact likeness we should all like to achieve (6).
4. Yorkshire town (5).
5. Please, Sir, I wasn't there ! (5).
6. A sporting county ? (5).
7. Better than a mere cypher (two words ; 4 and 6).
8. " Self-slayer " (anag. ; 10).
13. A feeler (7).
14. This part of Ireland has a neat ending (7).
15. Tough in the fight, or a scratch man ? (hyphen ; 4 and 6).
16. Fed up with loving. It 's scandalous ! (10).
17. Appears to be a certain quarter of a German spa (5).
18. A variety of No. 26 Across (5).
25. Left high and dry in Holy Writ (6).
26. It 's nothing in a really good glass, but you may require a good glass aboard to see it (5).
27. That 's flat ! (5).
28. The transformation of Argus (5).
30. A palindromic emperor of old (4).



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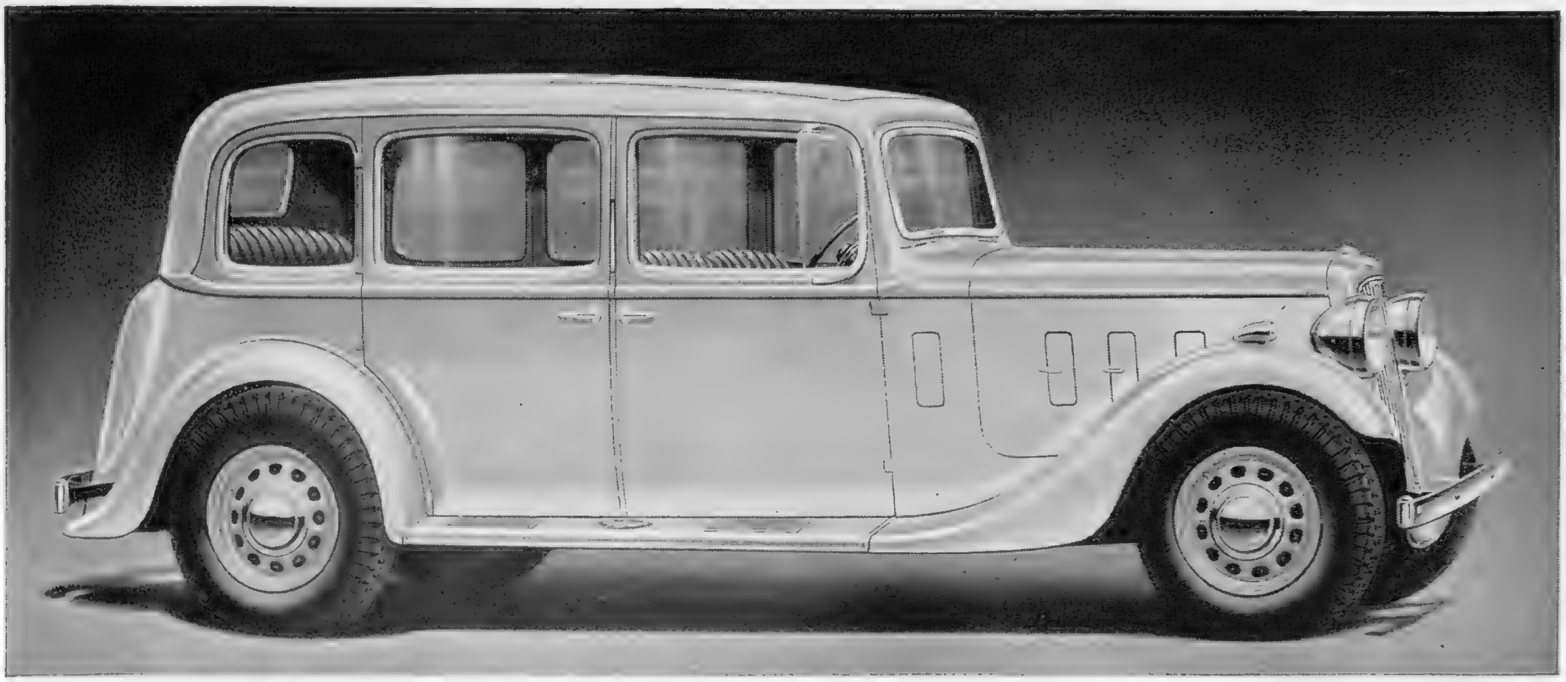
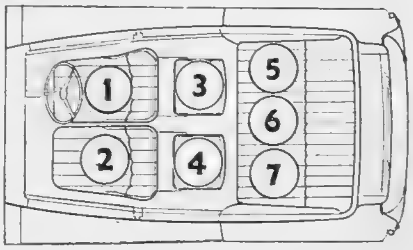


MORE *and* LESS . . .

MORE *ROOM...* SEATS **7** ADULTS	**LESS** *COST* ONLY **£328**

The headline of this advertisement may seem a contradiction in terms. How can a car be more and less at the same time? Well, let us look at it in this way. A car of 18 h.p. rating usually has seats for only five passengers. The Austin Eighteen *has seating for seven:* seats definitely designed with ample headroom and legroom for seven full-grown people; two seats in the front, three behind, and, in addition, two comfortable folding seats!



NOTABLE FEATURES: Two occasional folding seats. Folding occasional tables. Front seats independently adjustable—rear seats also adjustable. Smooth six-cylinder engine. Synchromesh gears. Girling brakes. Jackall hydraulic jacks. Hydraulic shock absorbers. Zinc interleaved springing. Adjustable steering column. Pytchley sliding roof. Extra low-pressure tyres. Triplex toughened glass.

Now let us look at the Austin Eighteen from the point of view of price. The average seven-seater saloon costs nearer £400 than £300; many seven-seaters cost much more. The Austin Eighteen Saloon costs only £328. It is, in fact, *the only British full seven-seater saloon available at so low a price.* It is unique. It is your soundest investment whether you require a full seven-seater or simply the best motoring value under £350.

PRICES *(at works):*

YORK SALOON ...	£328
CHALFONT SALOON (*with division*) ...	£335
HERTFORD SALOON (*five-seater*) ...	£298

HAVE YOU SEEN THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE FOR MAY?

THE *Austin* EIGHTEEN

YOU BUY A CAR—BUT YOU INVEST IN AN AUSTIN

The Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Birmingham & 479 Oxford Street, London, W.1. London Service Depots: 12, 14, 18 & 20 h.p.—Holland Park, W.11. 7 & 10 h.p.—North Row, W.1. Export Dept.: Birmingham

Continued]

"Yes, it may have been. If only we knew for certain how this new tax is going to affect us all, it wouldn't be so difficult to tell clients what to buy."

"You think they want to be told?"

"I'm sure they do, unless my personal experience is unique. And that seems rather improbable."

"You are in the dark," a jobber assumed, "in putting a client on to anything, as things are at the present time. Don't you find it difficult to advise your clients?"

"As difficult as it is for a blind man in a dark room to find a black hat that isn't there."

"Now we are getting metaphysical. But seriously——"

"You can only stick to the good things and hope for the best," the broker rejoined. "Mining shares such as Trepca and Burma Corps.; Nundydroog and Champion Reef; Amal. Banket Areas and Ashanti Goldfields; Roans and Randfontein——"

"What a mixture! The Rand; Rhodesia; Jugoslavia; West Africa; India—where else did you suggest? Oh, yes; I know: Burma. If I were to buy some of each I should feel——"

"You would feel," replied the broker, "that you had only to put the lot into a shaker, give them a good old twist, and you would produce a first-rate Coronation Cocktail!" *Friday, May 14, 1937.*

THE "MYSTERY PICTURES" REPRODUCED IN COLOUR ON PAGE 308.

On page 308 we provide our readers with a little "guessing game" to test their powers of observation. The paintings which we there reproduce in colour with the query "Do You Know These Pictures?" are six of the allegorical subjects by G. B. Cipriani, R.A., which adorn the Royal State Coach in which King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth drove to their solemn Crowning in Westminster Abbey, and returned to Buckingham Palace by a lengthy route through their capital on May 12. It is highly probable that all our readers have seen the State Coach, if not last week, on some other occasion, for it is used by the Sovereign when he drives to open Parliament. The panels we reproduce include the decoration on the right-hand door, representing Industry and Ingenuity offering gifts to the Genius of England; and the panels which flank it, representing History recording the reports of Fame, and Peace burning the Implements of War; and the decoration on the left-hand door, Mars, Minerva, and Mercury supporting the Imperial Crown of Great Britain, and the panels which flank it, the Liberal Arts and Sciences protected.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCXCIX.

LOYALTY! TRUST! ALLEGIANCE!

At this moment it is unnecessary even to mention such qualities as Loyalty, Trust, and Allegiance. These sentiments are uppermost in our minds — rightly we are thinking of nothing else, so I feel it an impertinence on my part to head this article with these three words. With respect, however, I am going to suggest that you extend your thoughts in this direction just a little to your bridge relaxation; just hand a little loyalty, trust, and allegiance to your partner; yes, and to your opponent too.

Knowing, as you do, how such feelings add to the gaiety, happiness, and welfare of all your daily doings, you can trust me that the same atmosphere in the bridge room will add to your pleasure and satisfaction there as well. Incidentally, you will add to your successes there too, which, after all, is of no little importance, for I have yet to meet the bridge player who does not want to win at the game, or — more politely — to be successful at it.

It is common knowledge that inter-partnership confidence, which means loyalty, trust, and allegiance, makes the game easy, reduces the mental strain to a minimum, and consequently results in a hundred per cent. advantage; if you can trust your partner and he can trust you, the smallest loss will be incurred on bad cards, the best will be made of good cards.

But how, you may ask, can this condition also operate between you and your opponent. Just in this way. The two really run hand in hand. Trust him as you would trust your partner; look upon him as you look upon yourself — as a bridge player. When he makes a bid, give him full credit for knowing what he's doing. Don't attempt bluffing tactics, don't bid *his* hand for him into a game bid, and be more than careful not to force him into a slam bid. By all means make things difficult for him—or, rather, I might say, make things as easy as possible for your partner by giving him an indication what to lead, and so on — but when you and your partner find he won't be denied, then trust him, and don't double him just on the "off-chance," because it's "free"; give him best, remembering that there will be another rubber when this one is over, and that, after

[*Continued overleaf*

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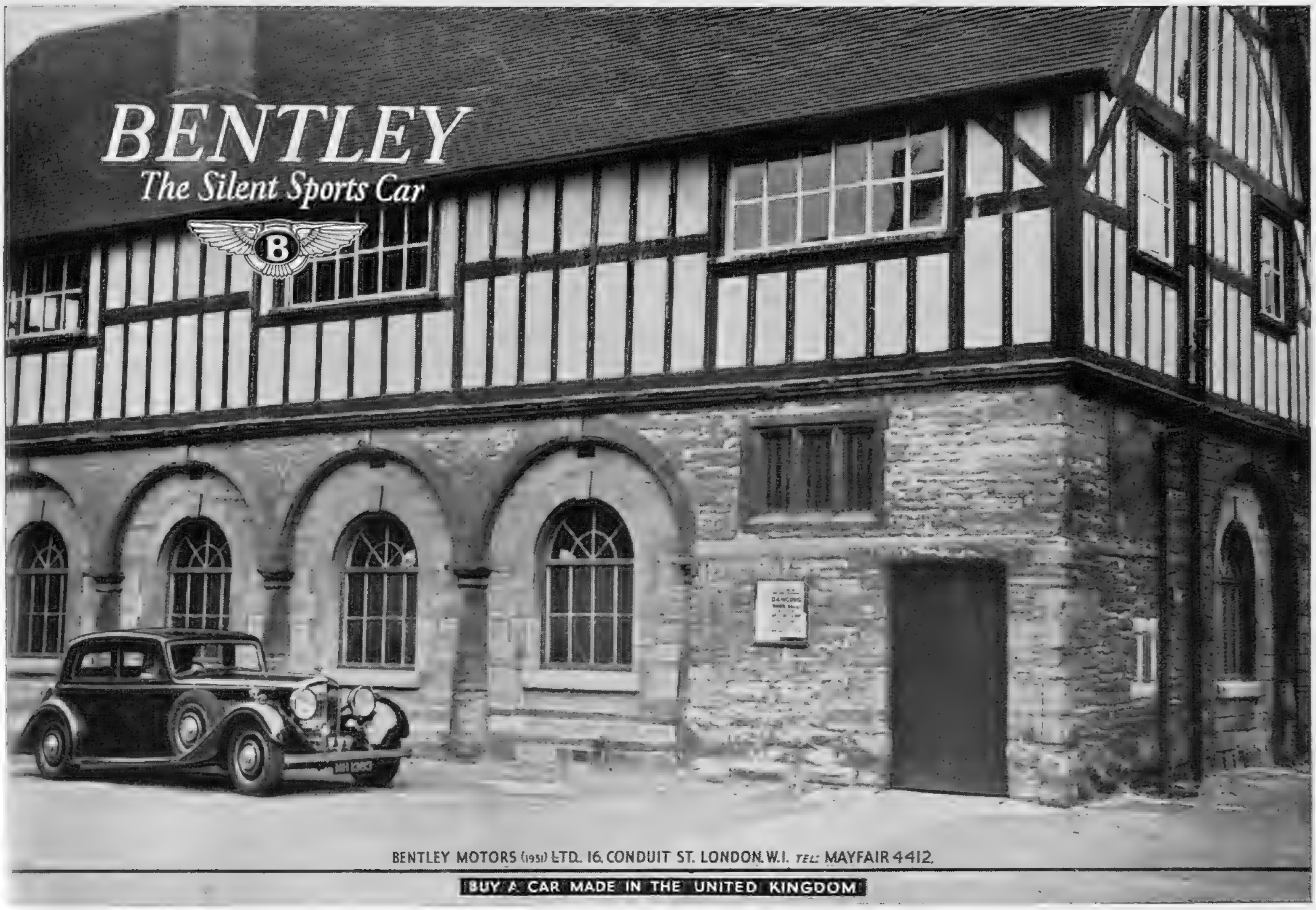

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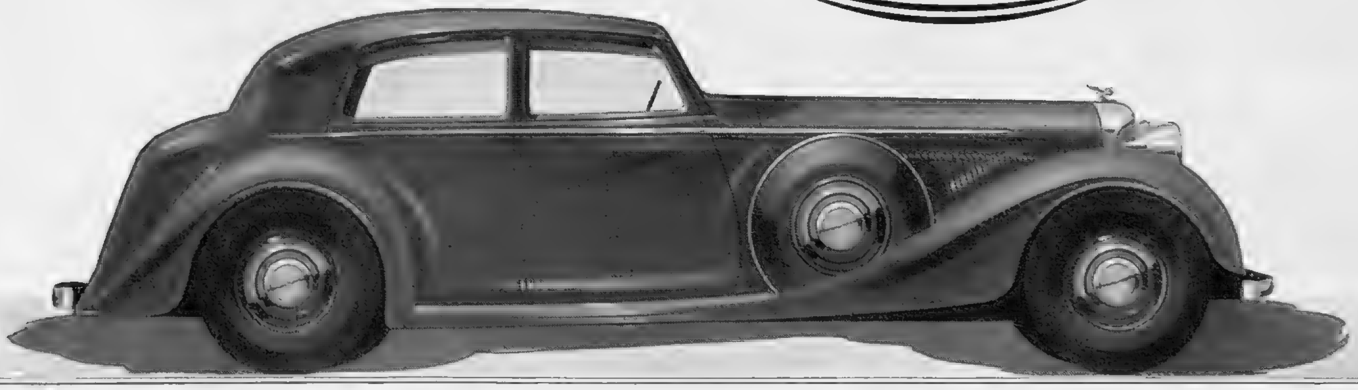

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Continued.]

all, you cannot expect to win every rubber you play. Just one example of not trusting opponent, or perhaps of being too loyal to partner. The bidding goes: A (dealer), one spade; Y, two diamonds; B, two hearts; Z, three diamonds. A, three spades; Y, no bid; B, no bid; Z, four diamonds. This—Z's four diamonds—is, in my opinion, the worst type of contract bidding. Now, in this case, if Z wants to be really loyal and trustful, he should bid five diamonds, and take a gambling chance on game; but the other and common-sense side of the question is that Z has failed to trust his opponents, and has not been obedient to his partner, who, by passing A's three-spade bid, has told him to keep silent.

In no way does lack of trust in partner show itself more than in rescuing his doubled contract. I give an example both in trumps and at no-trumps—

Y

SPADES—Kn, 10, 9, 7. SPADES—Q, 3, 2.
HEARTS—A, 5, 4. A B HEARTS—8, 7, 6.
CLUBS—K, Kn, 10, 9. CLUBS—8, 7. [3.
DIAMONDS—A, 6. DIAMONDS—K, Kn, 5, 4,

Z

Score: YZ, game; AB, 30 in the second game. Y dealt, and passed; B passed; Z bid one no trump; A, two no-trumps. Y, no bid; B, no bid; Z doubled; and B rescued with three diamonds! Notice here: lack of trust caused B to take out a possible game contract into a pretty well impossible and non-game contract.

Y

SPADES—K, Kn, 10, 9, 8, 7. SPADES—6, 5.
HEARTS—2. A B HEARTS—Q, Kn, 9, 8, 7.
CLUBS—Q, Kn, 10, 9. CLUBS—A, 3, 2.
DIAMONDS—A, Kn. DIAMONDS—10, 3, 2.

Z

Score: game-all; 60-all. A (dealer), one spade; Y, two diamonds; B, two hearts; Z, no bid. A, two spades; Y, three diamonds; B, no bid; Z, no bid. A, three spades; Y, double; B, four hearts!

This was a very disastrous showing of no trust. B was four down (1100); A would have been but one down (200). These examples I hope, go to prove that, as it is with every single one of our life's affairs, the first and most important lesson to learn is to be loyal, trusting, and bear allegiance.

Here is the solution to the hand on which A inadvertently bid grand slam in spades instead of in hearts—

SPADES—Q, 2.
HEARTS—3, 2.
CLUBS—A, Q, Kn, 5.
DIAMONDS—Q, 10, 9, 8, 7.

B

SPADES—6, 5, 4, 3. SPADES—Kn, 10, 8, 7.
HEARTS—9, 8, 7. Y Z HEARTS—6, 5, 4.
CLUBS—9, 8, 7, 6. CLUBS—10, 4, 3, 2.
DIAMONDS—Kn, 2. DIAMONDS—6, 5.

A

SPADES—A, K, 9.
HEARTS—A, K, Q, Kn, 10.
CLUBS—K.
DIAMONDS—A, K, 4, 3.

Spades are trumps. Y led the knave of diamonds; A to make grand slam. A wins, and leads the king of clubs; then ace, king, and another heart, which B trumps with the two. B then leads out his three good clubs, on which A discards one heart and two diamonds, being careful to throw an honour. B leads the queen of diamonds and another; Z ruffs, and A over-ruffs, and leads a heart to be taken by B's queen of trumps. Another diamond is led, and A makes the last two tricks.

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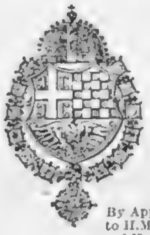

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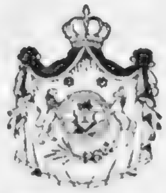

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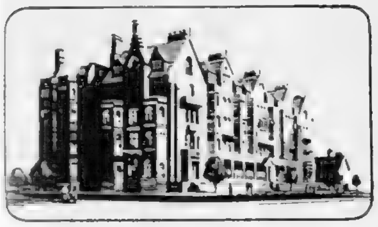

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(*Continued from Page 384.*)

Annals of Courts. "Sovereign Progression" (a somewhat enigmatic title) will appeal to a large public who like to be told details of the lives and hearts of members of the Royal Family. These Lady Sybil Laurence is well able to supply. With the help of delightful and intimate photographs, she leads us on, as in a fairy-tale, through the annals of Courts and courtships, through scenes domestic or spectacular, not forgetting the coincidences which, strangely enough, seem to fall more readily to the royal than to the common lot. A certain artlessness of mind enables the author to write of trifles without affectation, while tact and sincerity lend dignity to her descriptions of more momentous events. She leaves us convinced that, after one brief set-back, the Royal Progression will continue with unfaltering steps.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Crowning of the Sovereign. By Jocelyn Perkins, Sacrist of Westminster Abbey. (*Methuen*; 5s.)

Westminster Abbey. By Jocelyn Perkins. (*Duckworth*; 7s. 6d.)

Royal Westminster and the Coronation. By J. G. Noppen. ("*Country Life*"; 8s. 6d.)

Sovereign Progression. By Lady Sybil Laurence. (*Hodge*; 8s. 6d.)

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"**BALALAIKA**" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—Pre-War Russian gaiety; songs and dances.

"**HOME AND BEAUTY**" (Adelphi). 8.15.—A mad week-end light-operatically revued. Wit and satire by stars.

"**SWING ALONG**" (Gaiety). 8.15.—Good scenes; good music; good dancing; Leslie Henson on top form.

"**JANE EYRE**" (Aldwych). 8.30.—Curigwen Lewis and Reginald Tate in the Brontë thriller.

"**FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS**" (Criterion). 8.40. — Laughter without limit.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"**BLACK LIMELIGHT**" (St. James's). 8.30.—Margaret Rawlings as wife and wanton, in the solution of a sensational murder.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING (*Continued*).

"**LONDON AFTER DARK**" (Apollo). 8.30.—The further adventures of Marion Lorne, with a thrilling finish.

"**WISE TO-MORROW**" (Lyric). 8.30.—Theatrical career rather than marriage.

"**HENRY V.**" (Old Vic). 8.—Imaginatively produced, with Laurence Olivier and Jessica Tandy.

"**GEORGE AND MARGARET**" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—The lightest possible plot, but rich comedy.

"**BIG BUSINESS**" (Hippodrome). 8.15.—A Bobby Howes, Vera Pearce, and Wylie Watson combination.

"**THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE**" (Haymarket). 8.30.—"Crime and Research" (!), with Ralph Richardson.

"**CARELESS RAPTURE**" (Drury Lane). 8.—Ivor Novello's big spectacle; with Dorothy Dickson and Zena Dare.

"**THE FROG**" (Prince's). 8.10.—All the Edgar Wallace thrills in one, adapted by Ian Hay.

"**OVER SHE GOES**" (Saville). 8.15.—Slick fooling by Stanley Lupino and Laddie Cliff.

"**BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON**" (Comedy). 8.30.—Dorothy L. Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey dramatised.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"**LOST HORIZON**" (Tivoli).—Ronald Colman finds Utopia.

"**FAREWELL, AGAIN**" (Plaza).—Flora Robson and Leslie Banks in a vivid story of a curtailed military leave.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"**BURGTHEATER**" (Academy). — A Viennese back-stage drama of youth and age.

"**PÉPÉ LE MOKO**" (Curzon).—An interesting story of outlawry in Algiers.

"**O-KAY FOR SOUND**" (New Gallery).—The Crazy Gang in a film studio.

"**HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT**" (Leicester Square Theatre).—Triangle drama with Jean Arthur and Charles Boyer.

"**SHALL WE DANCE?**" (Regal).—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers at the top of their form.

"**MAYTIME**" (Carlton).—Jeanette Macdonald, Nelson Eddy and John Barrymore in glamorous musical comedy.

"**THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER**" (Gaumont, Haymarket).—Errol Flynn and the Mauch Twins in a spectacular version of Mark Twain's Tudor fantasy.

"**DER AMMEMKOENIG**" (Studio One).—Entertaining German comedy adapted from the banned play.

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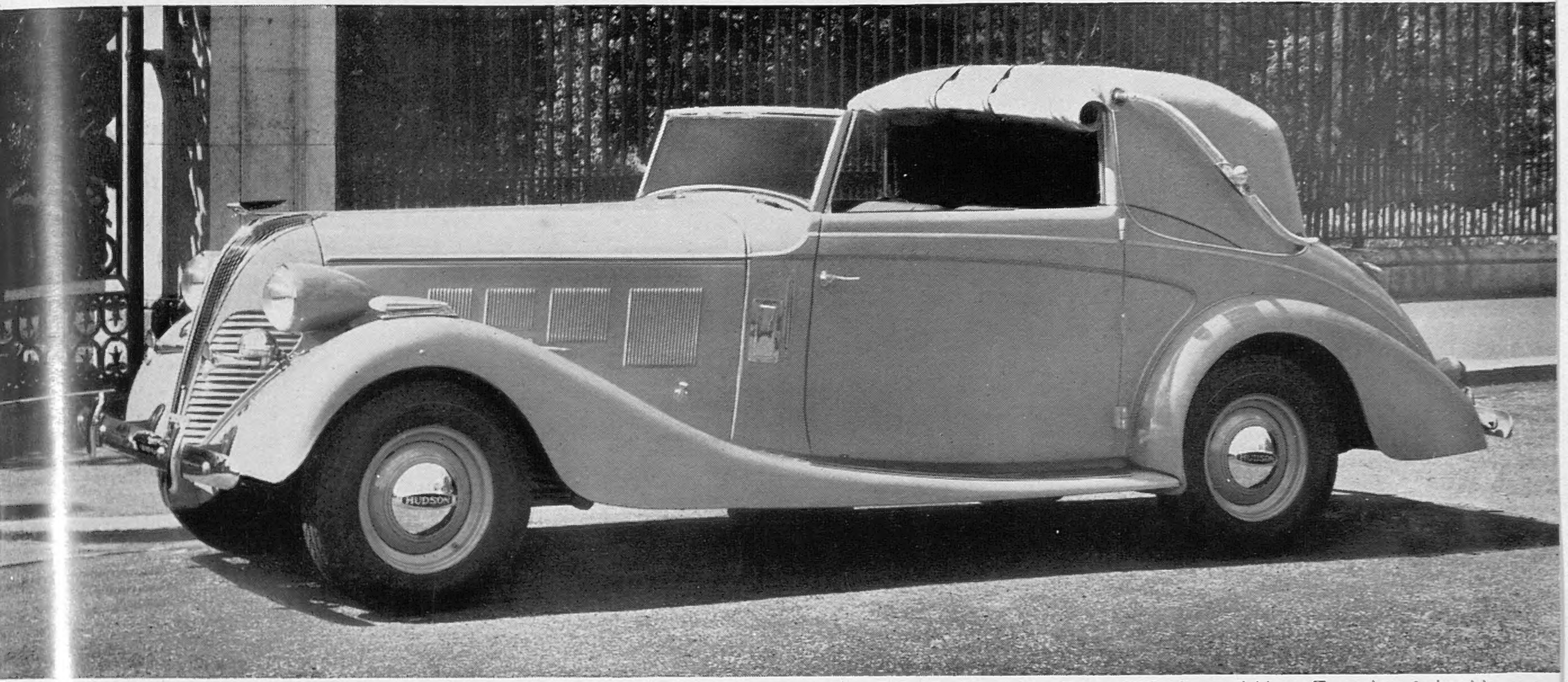

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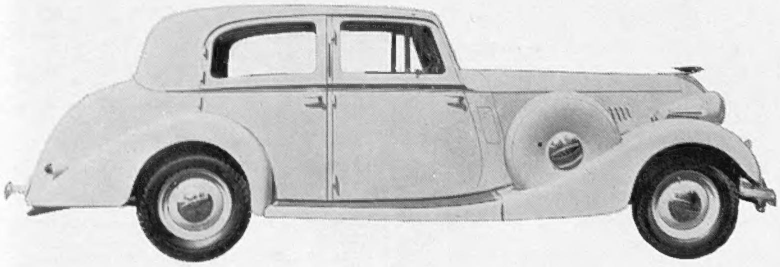

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